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Agents

Angela Leung

Unknown

Angela Leung is a missing Strategic Homeland Division (SHD) agent activated as part of the First Wave to take back New York.

Psychological Profile:

High achiever from a young age. Holds a PhD in mechanical engineering from Stanford. Is an expert in robotics and a pioneer in the use of robotics for people with special needs. Also a mechanical prodigy who can build and/or fix virtually anything.

Tends to be quiet and not very verbal, but holds strong opinions and is not easily swayed. Her father was a former Olympic boxer; trained her from the age of seven. Continues to train and recently achieved a black belt in Brazilian jiu jitsu.

Driven, energetic, and self-sufficient. Works well alone, but also can function well leading a team. A compulsive problem solver, she does not suffer fools gladly. Notably harsh on subordinates who can't keep up.

Has no problem respecting authority, if she feels authority has been earned.

Edward 'Eddie' Pastor

Unknown

Edward 'Eddie' Pastor is a missing Strategic Homeland Division (SHD) agent activated as part of the First Wave to take back New York.

Psychological Profile:

Parents were Cuban refugees who reached the US in the hold of a fishing boat. Resettled in California; parents became citizens in 1986. Eddie was born in US.

Fiercely proud of being American; graduated at top of high school class. Enlisted & became a field medic w/3 tours in Iraq.

Received Purple Heart after HUMVEE he was in was hit with an IED. Left the service after recovering & spent 1 year working with Médecins Sans Frontiers in East Africa.

Returned to US and went to work as a nurse for the VA. Actively involved in veterans groups seeking to improve care for returning soldiers. Has neither love nor respect for bureaucracy. Has been known to go out of pocket to provide for patients when the system failed to do so.

Eleanor Jenkins

Unknown

Eleanor Jenkins is a missing Strategic Homeland Division (SHD) agent activated as part of the First Wave to take back New York.

Psychological Profile:

Father was a serviceman stationed in Germany, mother was a German national. Born on base; classic military brat as Father moved the family frequently. Picked up the local language anywhere they went. Spoke 8 fluently by the time she graduated high school.

Did undergrad at Barnard; joined international consulting firm right out of college. While blowing shady dealings her employer advised on & went to the U.N. to serve as a translator.

Deeply introverted. Prefers solo hobbies such as rock climbing and martial arts

Was married once, been divorced six years. Does not give her trust easily, & is unsentimental about coworkers.

Avoids conflict wherever possible, but will defend herself if pushed. Careful & methodical, prefers to observe, then problem-solve.

Gina Estaban

Unknown

Gina Estaban is a missing Strategic Homeland Division (SHD) agent as part of the First Wave to take back New York.

Psychological Profile:

Has been a priest, an activist, a social worker and a nurse. Spent 5 years in El Salvador and Nicaragua, working with the poor.

After a stint with Doctors without Borders, opened in a clinic in East Harlem & has devoted herself to helping the young, the sick and the elderly.

Is deeply religious and a proponent of non-violence, but does believe that self-defense is sometimes warranted & refused to be bullied. Is also a crack shot with a pistol, has earned the respect of the local street gangs. Gangs now provide informal security for the clinic; allegations she was providing them with drugs were investigated and dismissed.

Leads through personal magnetism. Devotion to peace and her patients could be seen as a weakness, but is fiercely protective of those under her watch. Should not be a concern if activated.

Jason Bernara

Unknown

Jason I. Bernara is a missing Strategic Homeland Division (SHD) agent activated as part of the First Wave to take back New York.

Psychological Profile:

Father worked at WTC and was rescued by an EMT on 9/11; this inspired Bernard to become EMT against family wishes.

Suffers periodic bouts of anxiety and depression. All symptoms are under control with medication.

High school athlete but tore ACL senior year, leading to scholarship offers being rescinded. Works out diligently & studies hapkido.

Extremely intelligent & thinks quickly on his feet. Capable of improvising solutions from materials at hand and is not squeamish about implementing them.

EMT career has been distinguished. Always willing to take the worst & most dangerous calls; feels he has to live up to the example of the woman who saved his father. Focuses on what is left to achieve, not what he has done.

Jeremy Carmichael

Unknown

Jeremy Carmichael is a missing Strategic Homeland Division (SHD) agent activated as part of the First Wave to take back New York.

Psychological Profile:

Thrives on pressure. The more difficult the situation, the more committed he is to solving it.

6 years experience as a public defender. Has represented criminal defendants from many backgrounds and cultures. As a result, has a deep understanding of criminal psychology as well as broad knowledge of criminal activity, organization and techniques.

Has a stubborn streak. Took fewer plea deals than any other lawyer in the public defender's office. Prefers confrontation to compromise. Belief in clients is often used to justify this approach. This is an asset as well as a potential risk.

Has the occasional tendency to push the limit beyond what is necessary when a less confrontational solution might be found. Prefers direct solutions.

Jerome Norton

Unknown

Jerome Norton is a missing Strategic Homeland Division (SHD) agent activated as part of the First Wave to take back New York.

Psychological Profile:

Father was a first responder who died on 9/11. Enlisted in USMC 3 years later. Aced sniper school & was award Silver Star for his service in Iran. Was wounded in line of duty twice, but returned to the field quickly.

Had a rough transition to civilian life: 2 arrests for drunk and disorderly after returning to the United States. Got his break when a family member got him into a Plumbers' union apprenticeship; has been working on city projects ever since. Gave up alcohol when he started the job.

Clearly misses the camaraderie of military service. Claims not to miss the action but this seems dubious. Has strong sense of right and wrong, with little room for moral complexity. Believes in honor and duty, but may struggle with situational flexibility.

Joe Chavez

Unknown

Joe Chavez is a missing Strategic Homeland Division (SHD) agent activated as part of the First Wave to take back New York.

Psychological Profile:

Experienced cameraman with time spent in emergency and war zones. Has covered crime, natural disasters, revolution, and war. Is very hard to faze as a result.

Received Louisiana Medal of Honor for rescuing a drowning child while in town filming stories about Hurricane Katrina. Kidnapped twice, in Iraq and Eritrea. Remains calm under pressure and does not give into panic regardless of circumstance.

Admits to using marijuana and drinking socially. Has one DUI charge (dismissed) on his record. Is capable of driving any vehicle imaginable, and probably has done so while on assignment.

Does not hesitate to put himself at risk. Is impulsive and takes chances for the sake of “the story”; presumably would do the same upon activation. Does not put others at risk, only himself.

Joe is mentioned in the Skull MC gloves info box.

LaMarcus Henry

Unknown

LaMarcus Henry is a missing Strategic Homeland Division (SHD) agent activated as part of the First Wave to take back New York.

Psychological Profile:

A former police officer who worked in South Central Los Angeles as part of a street gang task force. Street experience bring real-world relevance to his academic studies.

Holds a B.A. in anthropology from UCLA and a Doctorate in sociology from Berkeley. PhD dissertation examined the social organization of urban street gangs.

As a noted expert in criminal behavior, brings an invaluable level of expertise to the Division.

Experience as a police officer gives him exceptional situational awareness. Knows how to defuse violent situations or meet force with force if situation demands it.

Empathy for and understanding on the criminal subculture could cut both ways, however.

Michael Trudeau

Unknown

Michael Trudeau is a missing Strategic Homeland Division (SHD) agent activated as part of the First Wave to take back New York.

Psychological Profile:

Michael was a chess prodigy as a child. He attended Tulane on a track scholarship and graduated with a double major in physics and game theory.

Worked in the financial sector for 5 years. Later quit to become a professional poker player. Has won 8 public tournaments but makes his real living in high-stakes private games.

Michael thrives on risk and is driven by competition. However, his need for excitement isn't necessarily an indication of reckless behavior. He always calculates the odds carefully and only takes chances if the percentages appear to be in his favor. He is ruthless in seizing the advantage when it presents itself.

Is a master strategist and an expert of reading other people's motives and intentions. As a former collegiate decathlete, his physical skills are exceptional.

Michelle Beck

Unknown

Michelle Beck is a missing Strategic Homeland Division (SHD) agent activated as part of the First Wave to take back New York.

Psychological Profile:

Navy veteran; graduated FES at top of her class.

Joined civilian firm in Connecticut and quickly advanced to senior role. Is regarded as an up-and- comer within the industry. Has rejected offers from larger firms out of loyalty to her current employer. Places great store in personal relationships and trust; does not suffer perceived betrayals well.

Deeply frustrated in dealings with the VA, particularly as regards health care and PTSD. Has had numerous dealings with the agency, few of which have been simple or pleasant. Appears to be harboring some mild anti-government sentiment as a result; should not impact her status vis-à-vis activation.

Remains highly cynical about decisions taken at high levels. Impolitic and direct but highly effective.

Piper Gibson

Unknown

Piper Gibson is a missing Strategic Homeland Division (SHD) agent activated as part of the First Wave to take back New York

Psychological Profile:

Private school/Ivy League legacy who switched to emergency med after a year's residency in the South Bronx. Stays cool under fire and treats more gunshot wounds than any other doc in the city. Pioneered treatment techniques later adopted by the Army.

Speaks Spanish & French. Proficient at Krav Maga and has held her own in multiple emergency room confrontations. Refused promotion to more administrative positions to ensure she keeps her hand in the ER.

Advocated relentlessly for her patients & has gone outside the lines to get resources for them. Exhibits a certain sense of entitlement on occasion. Expects to get what she wants when she wants it & doesn't take disappointment well.

Extremely skilled at bureaucracy and political infighting. Would not bet against her running for office at some point.

Raymond 'Ray' Ovitz

Unknown

Raymond 'Ray' Ovitz is a missing Strategic Homeland Division (SHD) agent activated as part of the First Wave to take back New York.

Psychological Profile:

Orphaned at 17 when Mother died of breast cancer. Dropped out of school shortly thereafter.

Exhibits classic OCD symptoms; also registered an IQ of 186. Has achieved near-legendary status in the whitehat hacking community.

Easily bored if not challenged. Not swayed by money or other typical bribes. Is more interested in having a task worthy of his skills. Can juggle massive amounts of data in his head.

Hacked into 2 multinationals by age 21; never prosecuted due to lack of evidence. Claims he donated all proceeds to charity.

Is noted expert on internet privacy & works as a cybersecurity consultant. Holds deeply anti-authoritarian views & delights in shutting government back doors unto consumer commo.

Runs marathons to keep in shape. Physical preparation for activation should not a concern.

Regan Murphy

Unknown

Regan Murphy is a missing Strategic Homeland Division (SHD) agent activated as part of the First Wave to take back New York.

Psychological Profile:

Comes from a law enforcement family. Father, grandfather and 3 siblings all work for police departments (Worcester, Cambridge, Boston). Family is very supportive of her career.

Followed her father into Worcester, MA P.D. Was wounded twice in the line of duty. Both times prevented harm from coming to civilians: was decorated for both incidents.

Recruited into U.S. Marshal service after 3 years on the force and has served with distinction.

On occasion seems eager to throw herself into harm's way. Willingness to sacrifice for the job is admirable but on occasion takes it too far. Has been written up once for lack of attention to self-care.

Superiors have spoken of difficulty finding marshals to partner with her due to her tendency to take risks.

Robert “Bob” Gonzalez

Unknown

Robert “Bob” Gonzalez is a missing Strategic Homeland Division (SHD) agent activated as part of the First Wave to take back New York.

Psychological Profile:

Gregarious and friendly. Has easy rapport with coworkers and friends.

USMC veteran. Graduated from LSU and spent time on Baton Rouge PD.

Responsible for over 300 felony convictions. Highly decorated but regarded as “a pain in the ass” by his superiors. Does not follow orders he does not agree with; trusts his own instincts to the point of outright insubordination.

Notable for having anticipated post- Hurricane Katrina chaos in New Orleans. Traveled into the city before the storm and served as a mediator between the civilians and local PD. Saved over 20 civilian lives.

Had multiple run-ins with PMC personnel on-site during Hurricane Katrina. Does not respect or work with them. Should not be asked with doing so in the future.

Seamus O’Riordan

Unknown

Seamus O’Riordan is a missing Strategic Homeland Division (SHD) agent activated as part of the First Wave to take back New York.

Psychological Profile:

Changed his own name on legal emancipation at age 15. Was not entered into school until age 9 but made up for lost time. Self-motivated autodidact who is intensely driven to succeed.

Career path was derailed by 9/11. Partner was a first responder killed when the south tower went down. Gave up on college as a result. Joined the Army and served multiple hitches. Went private as a security consultant. Has been extremely successful; operates solo.

Excellent at risk assessment. Doesn’t take foolish chances, but puts himself on the line repeatedly.

Has little to no personal life. No romantic involvement and does not socialize with friends or coworkers. Absence of human interaction may pose some risk in dealing with civilians during activation-level crisis.

Tanisha Carter

Unknown

Tanisha Carter is a missing Strategic Homeland Division (SHD) agent activated as part of the First Wave to take back New York.

Psychological Profile:

Level-headed and cool in crisis. Superb at complex problem solving.

Excellent at solving complex problems. Inspires fierce loyalty in coworkers, not to mention occasional jealousy.

Studied ATC at Fort Rucker, then served at Al-Udeid & Ashgabat. Received highest ratings at every posting.

Displays a cool head in a crisis. Brought all planes in safely when tower went dead at Ashgabat.

Has now worked at all three major airports in the New York metropolitan area. Finds the work “soothing” compared to her time overseas and has publicly commented about potentially returning to service.

Lacks a certain amount of empathy & cannot understand why not all of her peers can reach her (superior) level of performance. Not arrogant, just genuinely doesn’t understand.

Tatiana Atkins

Unknown

Tatiana Atkins is a missing Strategic Homeland Division (SHD) agent activated as part of the First Wave to take back New York.

Psychological Profile:

Parents were Russian immigrants. Atkins was born 8 months after they arrived in the United States. Family changed name to “fit in”; has always acted aggressively “American” in response to anxieties about being an outsider.

Deeply engaged with cryptology.

Polyglot who speaks 7 languages fluently, including Russian, Hebrew and Polish.

Recruited by ACI as an analyst out of college. Worked in OREESA for 9 years before retiring to go into private consulting for firms doing business in Eastern Europe.

Believed to still be stringing for ACI; impossible to confirm at this time.

Was identified as potential target for Russian recruitment as double agent while working for ACI. Has never given any evidence of subversive activities, but at least one of her former superiors remains suspicious.

Terry White

Unknown

Terry J. White is a missing Strategic Homeland Division (SHD) agent activated as part of the First Wave to take back New York.

Psychological Profile:

Enlisted at 18 & served two tours in Anbar province; decorated for bravery.

Used GI Bill post-service to study biochemistry. Showed immense drive and admirable work ethic. Highly regarded by all professors we interviewed.

Suffering from PTSD symptoms, which led to dissolution of his marriage. Now enrolled in experimental treatment program at Rutgers; early returns are promising. Has made attempt to reconcile with ex-wife which was not successful.

Detail-oriented and aggressive. Has little patience for those who are less observant than he. Does not respect those without willingness to sacrifice in pursuit of goals. Frequently jokes about going back to Texas but has shown no effort to relocate or pursue opportunities there.

Incident Reports

Cleaner Reports

Ferro's Pledge

Joe Ferro, Unknown

GIRL: Uncle Joe? Is that you?

JOE FERRO: Yeah sweetheart, it's me. How are you, kiddo?

GIRL: I'm good.

JOE FERRO: Mommy and Daddy feeling okay?

GIRL: Yeah.. but we've been sitting at home for days, Uncle Joe. It's boring.

JOE FERRO: I bet it is, kiddo. Hey, listen, I want to tell you something. You know how sometimes uncle Joe is on the radio?

GIRL: Yeah?

JOE FERRO: Well, it might be that I'll be on the radio again soon. Or that people will talk about me there. And they might say things that aren't true.

GIRL: Okay...

JOE FERRO: Whatever they may say, I want you to know.. I want you to remember that - that I only ever wanted you to be safe. Everything I'm doing, all the good and bad, is so you could be safe. Okay?

GIRL: Okay.

JOE FERRO: That's my girl. Gotta go now. I love you.

Ferro's Thoughts

Joe Ferro, Unknown

RADIO HOST: Sounds like we have an old timer on the line, Joseph Ferro! Hey Joe, what's your take on the "Dollar Flu"?

JOE FERRO: I think it really shows how vulnerable this country is. I mean, how stupid do you have to be to not go to the hospital when you're sick as a dog? We've got people going to work, to the supermarket, even to the god damn movies, infecting thousands of people outta pure ignorance. I'm telling you, this is gonna blow up big time, just because most people are too damn stupid to realize what's going on. There's no one with the balls - not the government, not nobody - and the brains to do what's gotta be done to keep this from spreading.

RADIO HOST: Sorry to cut you off there, Joe. Thanks, as always, for your thoughts.

Assignments

Joe Ferro, Martinez, Rogan

JOE FERRO: Alright guys, new set of assignments for you today. Martinez!

MARTINEZ: Yes sir.

JOE FERRO: Take your guys over to the Hudson Yards, and bring one of the tankers. Kosinki found a shantytown there that might require some crowd control. Make sure they don't run. Rogan!

ROGAN: Yeah.

JOE FERRO: There's a residential building uptown for you in Hell's Kitchen. It's pretty big, so make sure to cover the exits so no one gets out. There's a truck ready for you as well, but don't go crazy. I don't wanna hear that you've burned the whole block down or nothing. Okay?

ROGAN: You got it.

JOE FERRO: The rest of you, stick to your patrol routes. You never know what might be creeping back, even if you cleared it out yesterday. Now.. let's go to work.

Eulogy

Joe Ferro

JOE FERRO: Anton was a good man. I've known him since he joined the team, six years ago. He was always a hard worker, a loving husband, and a proud father. His daughters looked up to him and saw what many of us did - a hero. Even when facing his personal losses, Anton knew he could stay strong and be part of something bigger. He knew he has a responsibility to step forward and do what he could. And for that we thank him, and remember him, as an example should all follow. Amen.

Propagation

Unknown

CLEANER 1: You got to give it to Ferro. When he says he wants something done, he gets it done.

CLEANER 2: What I like is that he's out there doing it with us. I had this shop boss once, never left the freaking office. Ferro, he's out on the streets.

CLEANER 1: Yeah, and he gets his hands dirty. Never asks a guy to do what he won't do himself.

CLEANER 2: Ain't that the truth. He got himself a little bit of a temper though, you gotta watch that. He gets pissed really easy if you question the mission.

CLEANER 1: Yeah, I guess you could say he's a kind of a... hothead? Ha, You get it? You see what I did there? Ah, screw you. I thought it was funny.

DCD Report

Dr. Eliza Franklin, Unknown

REPORTER: Disturbing news today out of the Disease Control Department, which released a new report today on the so-called “Green Poison.” With me in the studio, I have Dr. Eliza Franklin of the DCD. Doctor, what exactly does this mean?

DR. ELIZA FRANKLIN: Well, the current infection rate is a lot more aggressive than we expected, and the incubation time a lot shorter. So all we’ve got is guesses.

REPORTER: How many people getting sick are we talking here?

DR. ELIZA FRANKLIN: Given current trends, we could be seeing a threefold increase by the end of the week.

REPORTER: That much?

DR. ELIZA FRANKLIN: The good thing is that we have plenty of samples, and a global team collaborating on a potential vaccine. but we’re racing the clock.

Infrastructure

Unknown

COORDINATOR: How's the power grid holding up?

ENGINEER: The grid's fine. I understand we got a severely reduced load these days. Water, on the other hand, is a whole different can of worms.

COORDINATOR: And why is that?

ENGINEER: Because we got a broken water main uptown, which means we're mostly relying on water towers and whatever's already been funneled through. It's not gonna last very long and we'd need a full week and a ton of equipment we ain't got to do the repairs.

COORDINATOR: We don't have a week. The supplies are already running short. Hospitals are already overloaded, and if we don't keep clean water flowing, we're going to see secondary outbreaks. The whole system's under way too much stress.

ENGINEER: You think I don't know that? But half my crew is down. I don't got gear or gas to run it - you get me help or I can't do this.

COORDINATOR: Yeah. I'll see what I can do.

Come Home

Joe Ferro

JOE FERRO: I'm telling you, what I'm seeing here are the bravest men and women I've ever seen in my life. We've all lost someone, but you're still willing to stand and hear me out. And I've got one simple thing to tell you, one truth the government refuses to recognize - the sick are already dead. The moment they get infected, they've got a death sentence. The only thing they can do from there is spread the disease further. That's why we're standing here today, without our families, without our children. Because we understand what it's gonna cost to save this city and this country, and we're willing to pay that price. Nobody else will, and people will die because of that. But you all, the ones making the hard choice right now, you ask me? You're all goddamn heroes.

Fire

Joe Ferro

JOE FERRO: This is not rocket science. You don't need a degree from some fancy college to understand exactly what's going on here. This virus is gonna continue to spread as long as there are infected people walking around. Now you can put up all the fences and checkpoints you want, but that's not gonna stop a virus. You want to kill it, you have to burn it. Destroy it completely, and before it can spread. Now. We have the equipment we need to take care of this, and the guts to do what nobody else has the sack to. It's not gonna be easy, and they're not gonna understand we're doing this for the greater good. But when it's over and we've stopped this thing, right here, they'll thank us.

Pharmacy

Unknown

CLEANER 1: Man, my lungs are killing me. Are these filters even working?

CLEANER 2: Just grab what you need and move it. We don't have time for this.

CLEANER 1: Shit, they've really clean this place out. There's hardly anything left.

CLEANER 2: Yeah. I know. It's like we're in the middle of the disaster or something.

CLEANER 1: At least they left some cough drops... "Lozenge." What's a lozenge? Do you eat that?

CLEANER 2: Would you just grab whatever so we can get out of here? Oh, and if see you any of those little snack cakes, grab them, too.

Last Man Battalion Reports

See and Raise

Unknown

LMB 1: So I'm thinking the ones we really got to worry about are the cons. They know how to fight.

LMB 2: Nah, nah. It's those Cleaners. The guys with flamethrowers. They got discipline.

LMB 1: They don't have range. Rikers, they've got some sort of arms pipeline in place. They've got sniper rifles, they've got SMGs...

LMB 2: Flamethrowers, man. And those guys are fanatics. They don't run.

LMB 1: Don't have to run if you drop 'em from half a klick a way.

LMB 2: I'm not buying it.

LMB 1: What about the JTF? You think they're gonna be a problem?

LMB 2: JTF? Are they still even in Manhattan?

Commercial

Charles Bliss, Unknown

CHARLES BLISS: From the first time I put on a uniform, I knew I was on the path to become the man I was destined to be. I knew I had accepted a burden that was going to last a lifetime. And even when I left our country's military behind, my obligation for service remained.

CHARLES BLISS: That obligation is one I and all men and women of the Last Man Battalion take seriously. We will get the job done. We will serve with honor, and dignity. And we will, if necessary, fight to the very last man. Because that is who we are, and we we do.

MAN: The Last Man Battalion. Security you can count on.

Come Home

Unknown

WOMAN: Hey honey. Do you hear that? That's your daughter. You've become a father. A healthy, baby girl. Little Josephine. I wish you could see her. She looks just like you. You've both got the same little frown. I miss you, baby. I wish you were here to share this. But we'll be waiting for you when you get back. Love you. Love you more than anything.

The Situation

Charles Bliss

CHARLES BLISS: I got your message regarding the situation in New York, and I think you're absolutely right. Things are going to get out of hand, faster than the government realizes. They're going to lose control before they've even signed the deployment orders. You ask me, the only thing that's going to work is to impose absolute authority on the population. People are scared and angry, and that's when they'll act stupid and risk the lives of others. I've seen it too many times. You'll want to shut those instincts down and enforce zero tolerance. Anything beyond that is not going to produce results, and in the long run that will cost you a lot more than hiring my people.

Sniper

Unknown

LMB SPOTTER: Heads up. Two o'clock, standing on the roof by the billboard.

LMB SNIPER: Yeah, I see. Single target. Looks like the mustache could use a trim. Target zero point two six mils high. Angle zero.

LMB SPOTTER: Yeah, that'll put you at twelve hundred and twenty meters. That's Darby's record, plus sixty.

LMB SNIPER: Darby's about to eat it. What's my dial?

LMB SPOTTER: Dial eighteen mils, one click.

LMB SNIPER: Wind?

LMB SPOTTER: Nine o'clock, three miles per hour. Dial left, one point two mils.

LMB SNIPER: Alright, package waiting.

LMB SPOTTER: Send it.

[Shot fired]

LMB SPOTTER: Jesus!

LMB SNIPER: If you see Darby, tell him to get his ass back to target practice. New queen just got crowned.

Dark Zone

Charles Bliss

CHARLES BLISS: You can see the results of relying on the Joint Task Force right here in the middle of Manhattan. That's what they're calling the 'Dark Zone'. That's a melodramatic way of saying it's a region of complete lawlessness. No surveillance and total lack of ability to enforce control. This is something you cannot have on your watch.

LMB: Sir, I thought the purpose was to evacuate?

CHARLES BLISS: And how did that work out? Sure, they got the people out, but what did they let back in? And all the equipment and hardware they left behind. We're talking amateurs, here, in charge of public safety in one of the biggest cities in the country.

LMB: Yes sir.

CHARLES BLISS: The point is, this just proves that our operations are more efficient. Methodical expansion. Civilian processing. Enhanced interrogation. We're working at twice the efficiency with half the manpower. The fact that the JTF failed miserably with the Dark Zone is the same reason this city needs the Last Man Battalion.

Early Days

Charles Bliss, Unknown

MAN: Remember when we were back in the sandbox?

CHARLES BLISS: Gosh yes, I had hair back then.

MAN: And you have everything figured out.

CHARLES BLISS: Not much has changed there.

MAN: You've always been good at leading soldiers. Leading them into battle, leading them to join up with a new PMC - they're always willing to follow.

CHARLES BLISS: I've got some good speechwriters.

MAN: Knock it off, Charles. You write your own crap and you always have. And they always follow you. They'd follow you to the gates of hell, if you asked. (beat) You've done a hell of a job here, Charles.

CHARLES BLISS: Hey, I'm not done yet. The best is yet to come.

The Mission

Nacy

NANCY: Hey Charles, this is Nancy again. I've review your mission proposal and I think it looks solid. I believe the board of directors will have no problem approving it. The only thing that stands out, perhaps, is the lack of support on Wall Street but, I think we all understand that under the circumstances, it's best to prioritize our primary assets in Midtown. I'm sure our foreign investors will be delighted to hear that you're taking them into account as well. Anyway, the board will be reviewing the plain in two hours or so - just thought I'd send you a heads up. Talk to you soon!

Taking Manhattan

Charles Bliss

CHARLES BLISS: What we need to do is assess our resources and define our mission statement. The statement was clear - we must retake control, and with the resources we have left it's also clear that we can't afford any half measures. Every soldier counts. Every soldier is a critical resource. There are no reinforcements being deployed. There is no air support. We work slow and steady. We secure the city sector by sector, and we hold them for dear life. I need you all to be on your feet, ready to make some quick decisions. It's better to shoot someone innocent than to let someone guilty get away. And it's better to shoot first than to risk getting shot, even if you're not 100% sure. That's how we will win this war. That's how we will save this city. Collateral damage is to be expected.

Breach of Contract

Charles Bliss, Nancy

NANCY: Charles. Listen to me! [cough] This is a breach of contract. You were hired to secure our assets, as agreed upon! And you've left them vulnerable. We're talking billions in damages here!

CHARLES BLISS: I don't give a damn about your assets, Nancy, not any more! We follow our contract to the letter and in return you stuck my men in here under government-issued quarantine, expected to protect empty building in a dying city. I can't ask them to do that. We've got bigger fish to fry.

NANCY: You're not going to get away with this, Charles.

CHARLES BLISS: What are you going to do, sue me? You are your family are going to die. You will all die if I don't do something here, something more important than keep watching over a dead server farm. Oh, and see someone about that cough. It sounds nasty.

Riker Reports

Interrogation

Larae Barrett, Unknown

DETECTIVE: You claim the officer put you in a chokehold.

LARAE BARRETT: It ain't a claim. That's a fact.

DETECTIVE: And you felt it was appropriate to pull the gun you had hidden on your person.

LAWYER: In self defense. My client, uh, feared for her life.

DETECTIVE: And shot two officers, both family men, incidentally, in the back of the head. Execution style. At point blank range. This a curious kind of self defense. You're smiling, Barrett. Something you want to share?

LARAE BARRETT: Just havin' me a nice memory. You know... childhood.

DETECTIVE: Nothing to do with shooting two innocent men in the back of the head.

LARAE BARRETT: Just puppies and baby dolls and flowers and all that shit.

LAWYER: This is speculation, detective. Let's stick to the facts.

LARAE BARRETT: You know I ain't nothing but sugar and spice and everything nice.

Live Like Kings

Unknown

RIKER 1: Shit, these fools got TVs in the bathroom - both of 'em! Automatic goddamn toilet - buttons and shit! They got a machine to wipe their ass. It ain't right, man!

RIKER 2: Gonna put that to good use. Sick of wiping my own ass.

RIKER 1: Not like they using it no more. Yesterday, we got into that art collector's place. Holy shit. Felt like walking into a museum. Fucking Picasso on the walls - face all smashed up lookin' like Billy D's, remember him? Ugly motherfucker.

RIKER 2: Yeah. You like that shit?

RIKER 1: Man, that shit's ugly, man. Put a knife through it. Took the liquor, though, 'cause that shit was fine.

RIKER 2: Ain't gonna drink itself. Pass it over, would you?

Jailbreak

Unknown

RIKER 1: You ain't no fuckin' lieutenant, man.

RIKER 2: I was right by her side. Bitch owes me. Big time.

RIKER 1: Do not let her hear you talk like that, fool! You got a death wish?! How'd you get past security?

RIKER 2: Hostages. Barely any of those fool guards coming to work since that shit hit the fan- rest of 'em sick or run off. Easy to overpower them, make 'em do what we wanted, then watch 'em bleed like the pigs they are.

RIKER 1: Some of those brothers weren't so bad.

RIKER 2: That's Larae for ya.

RIKER 1: Where'd the fuckin' barge come from?

RIKER 2: You know that stupid-ass administrator had a thing for her - she got him to do it all. Then just when he thought he was gonna ride off to glory with his outlaw woman, she slit his throat.

RIKER 1: Shit, she is one stone cold bitch, isn't she?

Deathmatch

Unknown

RIKER 1: We need us a real battle royale, with knives and maces and shit. Like gladiators.

RIKER 2: Love to watch them rip each other to pieces. Cops versus judges?

RIKER 1: Tell them we'll let the winner go. Whoever kills the most pigs, is the pig that gets to go free.

RIKER 3: Cops versus prison guards, maybe?

RIKER 1: Then, when he's done killing his friends, we can just lock him up again. Save him for another round. Keep him the full season, y'know what I mean? Like a fighting dog.

RIKER 3: Cops versus parole officers!

RIKER 1: Now you're talking!

Left For Dead

Unknown

WOMAN: Hey boo, I'm sorry I couldn't talk to you in person. I don't know what they tell you in there, but things out here are going freakin' nuts. Lots of people are sick. Some kinda flu or something, but lots of people are dyin'. It's scary, boo. I miss you so bad right now. God, I wish I could talk to you. Please don't be mad at me, baby! I just want to keep Daniella inside until this blows over. You know she's so fragile. I'm worried about here, baby. I'll die if something happens to her. Or happens to you. Please take care of yourself, baby! I'm really sorry. Don't be mad at me! I really hope you're okay. And I hope that I'll see you someday. Okay. Bye.

Opportunities

Larae Barrett, Unknown

SYSTEM VOICE: Press the star key to accept charges for this phone call from a prisoner at the Rikers Island Correctional Facility.

[A button being pressed.]

MAN: Yo.

LARAE BARRETT: This is LaRae.

MAN: What do you want from me?

LARAE BARRETT: You know who I am. You know you can work for me, or, well, you don't have a lot of choices.

MAN: Look. I got no beef with you, ok? What do you want me to do?

LARAE BARRETT: Good man. What I need you to do is simple. You hauled produce, 'fore you went on inside, right?

MAN: Yeah.

LARAE BARRETT: My people need food. You're gonna find that food, and you're gonna give it to the people of my choosing. You get it? I tell you when and where, you keep it running.

MAN: There ain't gonna be a lot left.

LARAE BARRETT: Get creative. Find anything you can. And bring it to me.

MAN: Fuck. This isn't going to be easy. I'm gonna need trucks, I'm gonna

need drivers...

LARAE BARRETT: You'll have them. Deliveries start tomorrow, you hear me?

MAN: Yeah. Oh, yeah. I sure do.

Authority

Larae Barrett, Unknown

LARAE BARRETT: We know them. They're the same under that uniform. Police. Parole officers. Judges. Guards. Child motherfucking protection officers. Fancy government agents with their fancy ass watches, and their shiny guns prancing around like they're fucking gods or something.

JTF: Hmmmfff... hmmmfff hmmf....

LARAE BARRETT: They were gonna leave us to starve and die in there. They don't give two shits about our lives. They never have and they never will. We're just some trash in their way. They'd just as soon we just blow right away.

JTF: Hmfff... hmfff...

LARAE BARRETT: But we gonna be a storm instead. Gonna blow them to bits. These parasites in their shiny JTF uniforms, you know them. You been dealing with them all your lives. All look the same on the inside. Let's see for ourselves, shall we?

JTF: Hmfff!

LARAE BARRETT: Yeah, that's what they look on the inside. Ugly. So you make them suffer. Make them beg. Make them do whatever the hell you want. Just make sure you don't leave anyone live.

Medical Care

John, Yvonne

YVONNE: All I'm saying is that it's time for us to take responsibility, and realize we're neglecting an entire class of citizens here. We're deliberately denying U.S. citizens medical treatment they deserve. The facilities are beyond capacity, and they're sick and dying just the same as we are out here.

JOHN: I think you've got your priorities out of wack, Yvonne. I'm sad to say. You're implying that it's more important for us to put precious resources we have left, not to our public hospitals and clinics in the city, but to send them off to take care of murderers and rapists. Is that what you're saying?

YVONNE: That's a massive oversimplification of the issue at hand, John. You're really not helping the discussion here.

JOHN: Oh I'm not? And you're, somehow, having our best interests in mind? If it were up to me, we'd send the staff home to their families and leave the inmates behind until all this blows over.

YVONNE: I can't believe you just said that.

JOHN: Am I wrong? Is that not what most people would say, if this was put to a public vote? How about we bring some of our listeners in here? What do you think?

Green Poison

Unknown

RIKER 1: What the fuck is this Green Poison shit?!

RIKER 2: Smallpox, brother. Disease fucking died out, man. Decades ago, then some terrorists put it on money, just in time for Christmas. You gotta admire that creativity, man.

RIKER 1: Who the hell would even do something like that?

RIKER 2: Well if they hadn't, you'd still be jacking off in your cell wouldn't you?

RIKER 1: Might of been better off.

RIKER 2: And then what? What kind of prospects did you have? A low-paying shit job with a parole officer on your ass once a week? Selling good until someone tries to jump you? Eventually you'd be back inside. You know I'm right.

RIKER 1: Yeah, I know it.

RIKER 2: Green Poison is an opportunity, man. We risin' up.

Reggie

Unknown

RIKER 1: Did you hear about Reggie?

RIKER 2: What about him?

RIKER 1: He got arrested, again! He's back in Rikers for the third time!

RIKER 2: You're kidding. What did he do?

RIKER 1: So that's the best part. He was out on parole, right, and for some stupid reason decides to pick up work not two days after getting out. Picks up a gun and package and moves to deliver in a restaurant downtown.

RIKER 2: Alright.

RIKER 1: But he's had too much orange juice, or something, so he desperately has to take a piss. So he walks into the restroom, and what does he see?

RIKER 1: What?

RIKER 2: Three police officers standing and turning right as he enters the room.

RIKER 1: Ha. did he walk back out?

RIKER 2: Ha! No, not Reggie! He steps right in, up the urinal and zips up. Cops still watching. Then without missing a beat, the gun and the package fall out, right into the urinal.

RIKER 1: Hahaha. And the cops see everything?

RIKER 2: The cops see everything! And Reggie's cuffed faster than he can finish!

RIKER 1: Wow. Classic Reggie. Wow.

Rioter Reports

Methods

Unknown

RIOTER 1: Alright, the guns check out. Let's do this.

RIOTER 2: But what if they have kids?

RIOTER 1: Just hold the gun like you mean it. They'll back down. Especially if they got kids.

RIOTER 2: Yeah, but what if they won't?

RIOTER 1: Then it's on them. They don't die unless they decide they want to. It's their choice.

RIOTER 2: This is some bullshit.

RIOTER 1: Yeah, but I'm not gonna let some rich assholes get a pass just because they got a family. Everyone's got a family, and mine's starving. Now man up and let's do this!

Bad Loot

Unknown

RIOTER 1: Hey check this shit out. Held up a guy in this penthouse uptown, right? Made him open up his safe and this was inside!

RIOTER 2: Wait, is that money?

RIOTER 1: Yeah son, like fifty grand! I ain't seen this much money in my entire life!

RIOTER 2: And where you gonna spend that? You gonna go shopping?

RIOTER 1: Well, maybe it's like an investment. For the future.

RIOTER 2: Oh yeah, your portfolio's gonna be fine.

Rule Number One

Unknown

RIOTER 1: Regroup was twenty minutes ago. What took you so long?

RIOTER 2: Sorry, man. I ran into some trouble and had to take a detour.

RIOTER 1: So what'd you bring back?

RIOTER 2: I... I got nothing. There were too many. Had to drop it and run.

RIOTER 1: Nothing? You think this is some kinda welfare gig? You think we put our asses on the line so you can get protection and a free meal?

RIOTER 2: No... No... I'm sorry.

RIOTER 1: Get your shit together, or you're gonna find out what it's like you be on the outside looking in. Got no room for dead weight. That's your last warning.

Plans

Unknown

RIOTER 1: So what are you gonna do? When this is all over, I mean.

RIOTER 2: Oh, I'm gonna get me a sweet ride and just roll west. And when I get to Cali, I'm gonna find me a nice piece of ass and show him how we do it, East Coast Style.

RIOTER 1: Oh, man. You could totally do that. Or that chick from the movie, the one with cars.

RIOTER 2: Oh yeah. He'd appreciate a fine car and the fine lady driving it. I'd just roll up, like, yo, baby. I'll take you places.

RIOTER 1: Man, that's sweet... Me, I just want steak.

RIOTER 2: That's all you got? All the dreams in the world and all you got is steak?

RIOTER 1: ...I like steak.

Kids These Days

Unknown

RIOTER 1: The hell happened out there?

RIOTER 2: The whole city's gone nuts! Thought I had this group of kids locked down. Pulled up behind them and put the gun right in their faces. But instead of handing everything over, they fr- frickin' drew on me! I almost got away, but then this other kid jumps down from a fire escape and hits me in the face with a bat!

RIOTER 1: Yeah, I think you lost some teeth.

RIOTER 2: Unbelievable! How're we supposed to make it when even kids go around with guns and baseball bats? What kind of sick, world are we living in?

Taking Madison

Unknown

RIOTER 1: Hey, pack your stuff! We're going to the Garden.

RIOTER 2: What? I thought that place was locked down?

RIOTER 1: Not anymore. The JTF's pulling out. Everybody's getting together and we're gonna take the place over. So pack your shit, man. You don't want to get left behind!

RIOTER 2: Aw, holy shit, is this for real?

RIOTER 1: Oh Hell, yeah. And you better sack up this time. I can't cover for you if you won't pull the trigger. Pff, not again.

RIOTER 2: Alright.

There Be Dragons

Unknown

RIOTER 1: What about over by the UN? Gotta be a lot of rich people there, diplomats and foreigners. Gonna be easy pickings.

RIOTER 2: Man, are you crazy? That place's like the killing fields.

RIOTER 1: What do you mean?

RIOTER 2: Have you seen those guys over there? Bunch of badass special forces types, with some serious hardware too. Top of the line, not that weak-ass JTF shit.

RIOTER 1: Huh.

RIOTER 2: And don't think they're gonna give you a trial or nothing either. They'll drop you as soon as they look at you. So no way, man. Anywhere but there.

Rule Number Two

Unknown

RIOTER 1: Now, sometimes the wanna hold onto their shit at any costs. Might even try to kill you to protect it.

RIOTER 2: Yeah, I've seen that.

RIOTER 1: In that case, measure up the biggest guy they got and shoot them in the head. Just drop that guy and the others will listen. Remember: he'd do the same to you if he could. Point blank, right in the head.

RIOTER 2: Got it.

RIOTER 1: With kids, it's even easier. Just aim at the kid, and they'll back down. No need to waste the ammo. If they got a dog, you can either threaten the dog or take it out. And if you've got the guts to do it, you can even bring it back here and roast it.

RIOTER 2: Wait, you mean eat the dog?

RIOTER 1: Hey, it actually tastes alright, if it's lean.

Breaking Quarantine

Unknown

RIOTER 1: So, are you coming or what?

RIOTER 2: Jersey? Come on. And how the hell are you gonna breath through quarantine?

RIOTER 1: We've got guns, food... those JTF guys are human too. They can be bribed or killed, just like everyone else.

RIOTER 2: And for what? You think Jersey's doing any better?

RIOTER 1: I stole a radio from a JTF guy and I heard they were saying about it. They got stuff under control there. Martial law's still working, and the quarantines still hold. That's our best chance. In here we'll last, what, a- a couple more days, tops? We gotta move while we still can. Now pack your shit and get moving.

Safe Passage

Unknown

RIOTER: Alright, here's the deal. I've got an emergency raft stashed up at a pier on the west side. Now, the JTF is still running a blockade on the Hudson, but if we do it at night, we can slip past them. Even with me knowing their patrol by heart, though, it ain't gonna be easy. So I'm not giving these spot away. You want to ride, you've got to pay. And remember, no cash, gold or useless bullshit like that. It's got have significant value. But I'm sure you'll figure something out - if you want this bad enough.

Phone Recordings

JTF

JTF Interview

Unknown

REPORTER: What do you honestly think you'll achieve with it?

JTF SPOKESPERSON: The lockdown is a necessary precaution to control the situation. We have enough to handle as it is.

REPORTER: But what are you doing to let people pass through? Most people just want to leave the city to meet with their family.

JTF SPOKESPERSON: We will reevaluate the relocation plan at some point, but for now the lockdown holds. Now, miss, I've got work to do here. You should really stop looking for trouble and make sure your own family is safe.

Working Overtime

Unknown

WOMAN: Hey, I heard what happened! How are you?

MAN: Fine, I guess... Probably just really tired.

WOMAN: Mm.

MAN: They locked the whole place down. Put all of us in quarantine. I'm... actually sitting in a plastic bubble right now. No kidding.

WOMAN: Jesus, That's insane.

MAN: What about you? How are you holding up?

WOMAN: I'm on my first break in six hours... Eating a candy bar for breakfast... But I shouldn't really complain, I guess.

Sick Inmates

Vic, John

VIC: John, it's Vic. I just got a call from Deb on the night shift. The inmates are starting to look sick. One of the guards must have brought it in, and it looks like the supply ferry isn't going to make it over. So I don't want you or Travis coming in.

JOHN: The Jail's already understaffed. They'll riot.

VIC: Yeah. I don't know about you but I'm not paid enough to be stuck on Rikers' Island with twenty thousands cons with fuckin' Ebola or whatever. Don't go to work today, John. It's not worth it.

Coming Home

Jane, Unknown

JANE: Hey, baby. Looks like I'm coming to New York.

WOMAN: They're sending the army to Manhattan? Is it that bad?

JANE: National Guard, baby. It's fine, we're coming to help the police and stuff. And you're not meant to know, so keep it on the down love. I'll call you when I know what's happening. Ok?

WOMAN: Ok. It's getting pretty scary here, Jane.

JANE: You just hold tight and stay inside. I'll all blow over soon, you wait and see.

Translator

Staff Sergeant Max Cooper, Unknown

RECEPTIONIST: City Council Accessibility office. What can I do for you?

COOPER: Yeah, this is Staff Sergeant Max Cooper. I need translators to help man the depots. Armenian, West African dialects... you'll know better than me, anything rare for New York. Most times we get families and someone translates for the rest, but shit, it's just crazy down here.

RECEPTIONIST: I'll make some calls and get back to you.

COOPER: Thanks, ma'am. Much appreciated.

Power Plant

Jack, Unknown

JACK: Yeah. It's me. I have no idea when they'll let me go home.

WOMAN: Are you at work? Tell me you're not at work.

JACK: Listen, honey, we're having all kinda of trouble with the main turbine, and if the power goes off, the whole island's screwed... I can't leave right now, even if I wanted to and, well, the army's here, and...

WOMAN: Wait, they're holding you there? Holy shit, Jack are you ok?!

JACK: I'm fine, I'm ok. But... I don't know when I'll get out of here. So go to Sandy's, take the boys and stay inside. I'll get home when I can. I love you.

Dark Zone

Unknown

REPORTER: And these forced relocations. This... “dark zone”... what is the point of that?

CERA REPRESENTATIVE: We’ve already had a press conference on this. All the information is out there. Anything else is classified, and I can’t comment—

REPORTER: So you’re sticking with the story that this is some kind of... decontamination procedure?

CERA REPRESENTATIVE: It’s a delicate situation... that we must take care of pragmatically. We must focus on the bigger picture. There are millions of lives at stake here.

Store Owner

Unknown

OPERATOR: Nine-One-One. Where's your emergency?

SHOP OWNER: Can you hear me? I'm at my store down in the Bowery, and I need the cops here! I'm being attacked!

OPERATOR: Okay, is your life in danger at this moment, sir?

SHOP OWNER: What do you think?! I got the shop fenced up, but these hooligans are about to break through! If you don't get somebody down here, I'll have to take care of it myself!

OPERATOR: Alright, sir, where's your shop located?

SHOP OWNER: Back off! I've got a gun! I said back off, do you hear me!

Showing Symptoms

Unknown

OPERATOR: CERA Hotline, how may I help you?

WOMAN: Oh thank God... I tried to reach the hospital, but... I think I need some help...

OPERATOR: Okay, ma'am, if this is an emergency you should call nine-one-one instead. Is it an emergency?

WOMAN: ... I have a fever and I can't... stop... throwing up.. just can't stop... I think I need a doctor...

OPERATOR: Ma'am, I can forward the call to the emergency center. Can you tell me your name and address?

WOMAN: ...I'm all alone... I don't want to... I don't want to be alone...

Crisis Center Robbery

Unknown

WOMAN: And we got three more bodies since yesterday. Bagged up and decontaminated.

MAN: Okay. We should have a pickup for you within the hour.

WOMAN: Great. Honestly, I don't understand how you cope with it. Me, I'm really starting to—Hang on, something's going on... Sir! You can't be here! This is an official CERA recovery center. You'll have to—

RIOTER: Stand back and no one will get hurt! We're only here for the supplies! No one needs to—

WOMAN: Oh my God! Oh my God!

Missing Person

Unknown

JTF: CERA Helpline. How may I help you?

WOMAN: I want to report a missing person.. It's, uh, my brother.

JTF: Okay, ma'am. What's his name?

WOMAN: Trevor. It's, uh, Trevor Sloan.

JTF: And when and where was he last seen?

WOMAN: We were at the, uh, outside Madison Square Garden... two days ago. He disappeared in the crowd, and then I, uh, waited for him by the post office but he didn't show up. I have no idea where he is, and... now I'm all by myself...

Quitting the LMB

Unknown

JTF 1: I can't do this anymore. Bliss is completely out of control. He's got us executing civilians and when Sergeant Alvarez refused, they shot him for treason.

JTF 2: We need someone on the inside.

JTF 1: I'm not killing another civilian.

JTF 2: You shoot one civilian, we save a thousand. We're counting on you.

JTF 1: You're beginning to sound just like him.

JTF 2: Just carry out the mission. That's an order.

Engine Failure

Unknown

JTF 1: Coast Guard just caught Hale with a 50 kilos of coke, paddling up the East River in a military surplus zodiac. Engine Failure.

JTF 2: You're shitting me?

JTF 1: No ma'am.

JTF 2: Then where are the fireworks? I want to hear some Cristal corks popping.

JTF 1: When we locked her up she just wouldn't stop grinning. I asked her if she was happy to be home and she spat in my face. Said 'yeah, cause now I get to take you all down with me.'

JTF 2: You think she's... infected?

JTF 1: I'm at the hospital right now.

Savages

Unknown

JTF: Don't tell me you're buying into Bliss's crap.

LMB: Sorry to burst your bubble hon, but people are savages. Yesterday we caught a guy taking a dump in a CERA reservoir. Poisoned the whole neighborhood just for a laugh.

JTF: I've seen messed up things -

LMB: That's my point exactly.

JTF: But it's no excuse. Benitez has it right, these people need help, not a bullet in the head. And if you can't see that...

LMB: Then what?

JTF: Well, I guess its over.

Hospital Beds

Unknown

MAN: So we've got 120 beds, and an additional twenty-five now in the east wing.

WOMAN: All in use?

MAN: Yes, ma'am, with a wait list. But that's just the start of our problems. We've got staff shortages as well. We can barely take care of the main building.

WOMAN: I know. It's the same story all over.

MAN: Yeah. CERA's got their hands full, but we're barely functioning over here. And I'm afraid of the infection spreading to the other patients. Is there anything you can do to, I don't know, speed things up a bit?

WOMAN: I'm sorry, sir. We're doing what we can.

Collapse

Unknown

911 OPERATOR: Nine-One-One. What's your emergency?

WOMAN: Hey, hello? I'm down on East Twenty-First, corner of... uh, Third Avenue. My friend, she's been sick, flu or something. She's passed out on the sidewalk and she's not waking up!

911 OPERATOR: Is she breathing?

WOMAN: I, uh, don't know. I think so. Her forehead's really hot! She's all pale and sweaty!

911 OPERATOR: Okay. Make sure she's lying down on her side.

WOMAN: Okay. Okay, yeah, she is. Can you... can you send an ambulance or something?

911 OPERATOR: As soon as we can. We've been getting an unusually high number of calls the last couple of days, but we'll be there soon. Just stay with your friend and we'll be there ASAP...

Week One

Cab Drivers

Unknown

MAN 1: Hey, did you hear something about them closing the bridges tonight?

MAN 2: First I heard about it. Who says?

MAN 1: Frank said he heard it on the radio. Says the national guard is doing a lockdown.

MAN 2: What is this shit...? Everyone getting all riled up over god damn flu.

MAN 1: Yeah, it's messed up.

MAN 2: I've got bills to pay, man. And I can't pay no bills if I can't get out of the city.

Urbex

Unknown

MAN 1: Hey, man. I've been thinking. How many Empire State Building guards you think went into work today?

MAN 2: Shit is biblical out there, bro, and you're thinking about urbex'ing a major New York landmark?

MAN 1: Exactly. Shit's biblical. You wanna die in a tent covered in pus or at fourteen hundred feet taking a selfie?

MAN 2: Neither? Ah, fuck it, let's do it.

MAN 1: There's my boy.

Hockey

Bobby, Unknown

MAN: Bobby, I got through! Got someone in the press office.

BOBBY: What'd they say?

MAN: They said they don't know, but the home games are canceled indefinitely and the airports are shut so no one's traveling... I mean, the whole league's closed down.

BOBBY: They can't just... not play.

MAN: I know. The whole world's gone nuts.

Stockbrokers

Tom, Unknown

OLDER MAN: Tom, what are we looking at?

TOM: Since the smallpox announcement, Nasdaq's down three hundred and dropping like a rock. Smart money's expecting the NYSE to bottom out. Look, either way, we sell short.

OLDER MAN: Jesus. You'd think it's the end of the world. A few people die and everyone with a cough thinks they've got the plague.

TOM: That's what I'm counting on.

Tourist

Unknown

WOMAN: Finally, yes, hello. I took out a travel insurance policy with you on November twentieth for my stay in New York. Now I'm sure you've seen the news. All the flights out of New York are cancelled and I'm stuck here, but now my hotel is telling me you've stopped paying for my stay.

MAN: Unfortunately, our "travel disruption cover" does not cover flight restrictions due to public health concerns. We are not liable for any expenses incurred.

WOMAN: Oh hell no, you are not pulling that shit on me. Get your manager on the line. I'll hold.

Gamers

Unknown

TEEN 1: Hey, where'd you go? We were all set to raid.

TEEN 2: My mom's gone insane, she had me check for rashes again, I'll be back online as soon as I've had lunch... she's insisting we all eat together, and pray and shit.

TEEN 1: Sucks to be you. Since the curfew, I've leveled up my alt to twenty four. My mom doesn't even want me leaving my room. It's awesome.

TEEN 2: I'll be online soon, I swear.

TEEN 1: School 'aint gonna be closed forever, man. You're missing it!

Rats

Unknown

OLDER MAN: Listen, I know what we talked about but I'm not sure this is a good idea.

YOUNGER MAN: Look. You remember the rats? We set traps for days and it worked, right? Poisoned the whole colony, only all them dead rats started rotting. It stank to high hell and we had a zillion bugs, and we ended up trucking two tons of rancid rat corpses to the incinerator.

OLDER MAN: Yeah but that was rats. I mean, this is a whole different thing.

YOUNGER MAN: No it 'aint different. It's the same. They don't have places to put the dead no more, and there's more of them. Thousands of them in their houses, in the streets. If someone doesn't do something, it'll be just like the rats. We're going tonight. Bring fuel.

New Material

Unknown

WOMAN: Hey, it's me, don't be dead yet. I've been working on a couple of "Green Poison" bits for the open mic night. I wanna run 'em by you... So I say "I was brought up Catholic. I'm really bad at it, but you don't change teams in the middle of the game, y'know? But now it's like, things are starting to get a little scary, right? And I'm thinkin' maybe I gotta give this God guy a chance. Not committing to anything, just... you know, like when your mom pesters you for the twelfth time about setting you up with the hot dermatologist who just moved into her building. I mean, how bad can it be, right?" I dunno. Is that funny? Call me when you get this. Don't be dead yet.

Small Gift

Detective Wilensky

WILENSKY: Detective Wilensky, speaking.

WOMAN: Baby, someone's broken into the apartment.

WILENSKY: Don't go inside!

WOMAN: Too late. But there's no one here.

WILENSKY: It's not safe-

WOMAN: Nothing seems to be missing. Wait - did you leave a dollar bill on the fridge?

WILENSKY: No...

WOMAN: There's writing on it. "For your piggy bank" signed "your friend, Reid."

WILENSKY: Don't touch it!

WOMAN: Who's Reid?

Eating Popcorn

Jake, Unknown

GIRL: Mom! Jake said he's gonna eat Raymond! He says there's no more food in the stores...

MOTHER: That's crazy talk.

GIRL: And they eat guinea pigs in Mexico ALL the time!

MOTHER: Honey, calm down. No one's eating Raymond. Now put Jake on the phone.

JAKE: Hello?

MOTHER: Jake, be nice to your sister.

JAKE: I said she could have half!

MOTHER: I mean it.

JAKE: Fine. But don't blame me if she starves.

At the Gate

John, Unknown

MAN: John, where are you?

JOHN: We're at the gate. The National Guard haven't let anyone through in, like, half an hour. People are fighting with the guards. Shit! Someone just threw a brick. This is getting ugly... where are you?

MAN: We're about a mile behind you. Nothing's moving, people are leaving their cars and walking. What's happening? John!

JOHN: They shot someone! Linda! Get down. They-

MAN: John! John! Hello!

Picking Up Ma

Anthony, Unknown

MOM: Anthony, have you heard the sirens? A man on the TV was at the hospital, and he said they've run out of room in the wards and are treating people in the corridors. At St. Jude's, even.

ANTHONY: I saw. Ma, listen. I need you to pack a bag. Like when you stay over, just for a few days. Can you do that for me, Ma?

MOM: I'm not going anywhere in weather like this.

ANTHONY: Ma, listen, this with the hospitals and the looting... It's like Hurricane Sandy again. So Sharon and I are heading upstate and we're gonna swing by and pick you up on the way, okay? So start packing and Sharon will help when we get there. Hey, I love you, ma.

MOM: I love you too, Anthony.

Sick Children

Unknown

911 OPERATOR: 911, what is your emergency?

NURSE: I'm the nurse at Beech St Elementary School... I need an ambulance, we have two very sick children in the infirmary. They're running high fevers, vomiting, extremely photosensitive and I can see spots developing on their legs and chest.

911 OPERATOR: Please hold.

No Lift

Unknown

ANSWERING MACHINE: Yo, this is Chris. Leave a message.

MAN: Hey, asshole! Where the hell are you? You were supposed to pick me up at the airport three hours ago. Thanks for that! Had to fight my way through a freaking mob to get on some shitty bus. What's up with that? You don't do cabs anymore? Anyway, I should be at your place in half an hour. You'd better be awake by then. Alright, later.

Bored

Unknown

GIRL: I don't wanna be here anymore. It's boring.

MAN: I know, bunny. But I can't have you here in the hospital.

GIRL: Aunt Jane says I can't watch TV either. Says it's only bad news on there.

MAN: She's right. But don't you have some DVDs you could look at? I packed some for you.

GIRL: No... I've already watched them...

MAN: Alright, bunny. Well, put one on again, and I'll be back by the time it ends. Okay?

Caught

Unknown

MAN 1: Uh, hey man. Think you could come here real quick?

MAN 2: I got shit to do. What d'you need?

MAN 1: Hey, so this guy was in my bedroom, going through my stuff, right? Hit him in the back of the head, and now I got him tied up in my bathtub.

MAN 2: Shit, for real?

MAN 1: I don't know what to do, man! He's seen my face! He knows where I live!

MAN 2: Alright, I'll come over.

Preppers

Unknown

MAN 1: You catching this?

MAN 2: Afraid so. This the big one, you think?

MAN 1: Might be... good Lord... I'd hoped we'd never see the day...

MAN 2: How are you holding up for supplies?

MAN 1: Three months worth. Checked the water filter last week.

MAN 2: Yeah, we should be okay too. You can never be too careful.

Grounded

Lisa, Unknown

LISA: Hey honey. How's Lisbon?

HUSBAND: Wearing thin. Listen, I don't have good news. They've grounded the entire fleet, and it looks like nothing commercial is flying to the USA or Canada.

LISA: So, you're stuck there?

HUSBAND: Lisa, everyone's stuck everywhere... I don't know how long before I see you again.

LISA: But your parents are coming in for Hanukkah this Friday. Are you gonna make it home by then at least?

HUSBAND: I don't know, sweetheart. I promise. I'll try.

Run While We Can

Unknown

WOMAN: Hey sweetie. You're calling early.

MAN: Hey, uh, okay listen. Something's seriously messed up here. I think we have to leave town. Right now.

WOMAN: What? What are you talking about?

MAN: Do you... Ca- can you pack your bag. The - the little green one? Just... whatever basics you need. Not too heavy. I'll - I'll pick you up in a minute. We need to move fast.

WOMAN: Babe, what's going on?

MAN: I'm not... Look, we can't wait, or we'll be stuck. They're - they're locking the island down in an hour.

WOMAN: Okay. Okay. I'll pack the bag.

Moving In

Unknown

RIOTER 1: Hey, you reach the back yet?

RIOTER 2: Yeah, door's busted. I'm going in.

RIOTER 1: Alright. Lemme see what's going on up front.

RIOTER 2: Y'know, we should get some of those walkie-talkies instead. Cell phones are bound to go offline—

RIOTER 1: Hey! I hear some people back here.

RIOTER 2: You sure?

RIOTER 1: Yeah, come on! Grab your gun. Let's do this!

Week Two

Alvaro's Message

Alvaro, Kim

KIM: Can't take your call, but you know what to do.

ALVARO: Hey Kim... um, this is Alvaro. Um... I just wanted to call now with y'know everything that's going on here and... well basically I just wanted to let you know that I... um... that I love you. Always have. Since we were kids. And... well I hope that you're well, somewhere and that if things turn out ok. I just hope... well I just hope you're ok, Kim. Bye.

Radio Show Rant

Unknown

RADIO HOST: Hello caller, you're on the air.

MAN: Yes, I'd like to take a moment to let everyone know that... that what we're experiencing right now... this is not the end of the world, or anything like that. The world existed long before us, and will exist long after us. What we're seeing here, is, in fact, our just reward. We've mistreated the planet. We've mistreated society. We've mistreated ourselves. There's nothing unfair about this at all. But hopefully this time it's just a warning, and hopefully future generations will learn from our mistakes. That's all I have to say. God bless us all.

Coffee

Unknown

MAN 1: I've found the mother lode.

MAN 2: What?

MAN 1: Eight sacks of Kenyan double A, green, dry.. Can't be more than a couple months old...

MAN 2: Coffee beans? Are you insane?

MAN 1: I know, right! Got a gas-fired air roaster too. Come on. I know you like French roasts...

MAN 2: How the fuck did you... No, never mind. I'll be right over.

Pigeons

Unknown

MAN: Hey, it worked... We've got three pigeons trapped in that box thing on the roof.

WOMAN: Great! I'll be back in like, twenty minutes, then I'll talk you through plucking and gutting.

MAN: I'm not doing that.

WOMAN: If you want a meat dinner you are. C'mon, it's the least I can do after you forces me to learn friggin' CSS. You'll need to get some rubber gloves and your least fuckin' kitchen knife... Oh, and some scissors, for the wings.

MAN: If I puke, it's on you. Like, literally.

Conspiracy

Unknown

MAN 1: Dude. They're here right now. CERA are setting up an "aid station" right on the corner. I told you, man, didn't I tell you? They're behind the virus, they're behind the National Guard coming in... soon they'll be trying to "vaccinate" us. It's all about control, man. The One World Government, they tried it after 9-11 with the flu vaccine and that didn't work, so they've engineered another false flag attack on the heart of the free world.

MAN 2: 9-11? You were eight years old! Will you ever shut up about this conspiracy shit?

MAN 1: Hello? Hello?

Bees

Unknown

MAN: How does it look?

WOMAN: It's a big box full of bees, how the hell should I know? Oh jeezus there's bees on me!

MAN: Good, good, they're still active, honeybees work all winter if they have food. Do they look well?

WOMAN: They look like bees! The city is going to hell, Dad. Why am I doing this?

MAN: I'd do it myself but they've shut down the buses. Look, honey, the winter won't last forever and we have to be ready for spring. You look after the hive, and soon we'll have honey again. It'll be fun.

Lincoln Tunnel Report

Stephen, Cindy

NEWS ANCHOR: And we've got Cindy with us now, live on the phone from New York. Cindy, what can you tell us about the current situation?

REPORTER: Yes, Stephen. It's a chaotic scene here at the Lincoln Tunnel as citizens try to push through the JTF checkpoint before it closes indefinitely. There's still no official word on how long this lockdown will be in effect, or what relief CERA will provide to those who are left behind, many without power or heat. Emotions are running high to say the least.

NEWS ANCHOR: And what's going to happen to the people who don't make it through the checkpoint? Have you been told anything?

REPORTER: The JTF hasn't issued a statement, but honestly, it doesn't look great. Many of these people have packed their belongings into their cars, but those cars are backed up on Dyer Avenue—Hey, watch it!

Home Alone

Al, Unknown

AL: Dad?

ANNOUNCER: All routes in and out of Manhattan will remain closed until quarantine is lifted...

FATHER: Hey buddy, what's wrong?

AL: I think they're trying to break in.

RIOTER: Open up! Police!

FATHER: Don't open... call 911.

AL: They're not picking up, Dad. You've got to come home...

FATHER: I'm trying, buddy, but the goddamn bridge...

AL: They're breaking down the door!

FATHER: Al, did you get the gun from my desk?

AL: What?

FATHER: Go get the gun!

AL: Dad!

Ex-Girlfriend

Rachel, Unknown

RACHEL: Go for Rachel! Your message won't leave itself!

MAN: Hey Rach. Just calling to see if you're ok. We left it on pretty bad terms, but I do want to make sure you're alright. They say this thing's gonna get worse before it gets better, and... look I don't know if I have the right to tell you what to do, but keep off the needle, ok? If you need any help let me know, ok? I'll be there if you need me.

PricerHouse

Unknown

WOMAN: Welcome to PricerHouse customer service. Due to recent events, our stores in the greater New York area will be closed until further notice. We apologize for any inconvenience, and hope to continue providing quality food and service as soon as possible. Thank you!

Stuyvesant

Unknown

RIKERS 1: Tell me some good news.

RIKERS 2: Yeah, I'm looking at a big red brick apartment complex over by the East River, looks easy to defend. No army to speak of and there's still people around, rich folk... shouldn't cause us any problems and probably got a lot of food and shit stashed. I say we setup here.

RIKERS 2: You and your boys shake the place up, cause some trouble and see who fights back. If things are as good as you say, I'll talk to LaRae, see what she thinks about moving in. Understand?

RIKERS 1: Oh yeah, I feel that.

RIKERS 2: Then get on it.

Clara

Clara, Unknown

CLARA: Dad!

FATHER: Clara, what is it?

CLARA: I just shot a guy Dad. He stopped moving and I think he's dead.

FATHER: Where are you? Are you okay?

CLARA: No...

FATHER: Are you hurt, did he hurt you?

CLARA: H- he was in the store, Dad. I-I had my gun like you said and he was in the pharmacy on fourth and he was shouting at me and he pushed me and he-

FATHER: Are you okay? Did anyone see you? Come home, Clara, just get home now!

CLARA: Ok, I'm okay. I got the flu-pills, Dad. I got the throat spay, too. I'm coming home.

It's a Test

Louise, Gary

LOUISE: God has a plan for us.

GARY: Well, sure. But it's five in the morning.

LOUISE: It's later than you think, Gary. Don't you see? The signs are all around...

GARY: What are you... You're saying this is a...

LOUISE: God is knocking on your door right now. Are you going to answer?

GARY: What? I mean Louise, is that you out there? Why is your face covered? Are you sick?

LOUISE: It's a test, David. Open the door.

GARY: No! I can't...I mean...

LOUISE: Don't you want to know if you've been chosen?

The Gun

Unknown

MAN: You still have it? You haven't pawned it?

WOMAN: Yeah, it's right where you left it.

MAN: Good. Ammunition?

WOMAN: Still in the box.

MAN: Okay. Now load it up and put it in your pocket. You wanna be able to draw fast.

WOMAN: Dad. I'm not gonna shoot anyone.

MAN: I know, honey. But just in case... it's just... please, do what I say and get over here. Okay?

Before Outbreak

The Thing

Unknown

MAN 1: Hey son, what's up?

MAN 2: Nada. Chillin'. You wanna do this thing today?

MAN 1: Yeah. I guess we can. Better now before shit too crazy, anyway.

MAN 2: Alright. Well, let's meet in the alley and head over from there.

MAN 1: Alright, see you in ten.

MAN 2: Yup. Sis sure will be happy to have her toilet fixed.

On Fleek

Em, Unknown

GIRL 1: Oh. Em. Gee. Did you see Aria's new video?

EM: Holy shit, It's so awesome! I can't believe her look! Did you hear she's dating a singer from that Swedish band?

GIRL 1: What?! No way! He's on fleek! His hair is gorge!

EM: I love him so much. She's the luckiest girl in the world!

WOMAN: Get off the phone! You have to come see what's on the news!

EM: I gotta go, bae. Mom's gettin' jelly. Love you, lates!

GIRL 1: Kk, see you later! Call me!

Make the News

Unknown

WOMAN: Alright, what do you have for me?

MAN: Car crash on Madison. Huge pile-up. Got some nice close-ups of the bodies too.

WOMAN: That's it?

MAN: Well, yeah. It's good stuff. Blood and guts all over the pavement.

WOMAN: You're wasting your time. We got hospitals, riots, sick kids. Get me some of that you'll make the news.

MAN: Alright, I'll see what I can do.

Surprise Visit

Unknown

ANSWERING MACHINE: ...can't answer right now, but please leave a message!

WOMAN: Hi, honey! It's your mom. I Just wanted to let you know we're in a cab on our way into the city now! I know, we said we wouldn't, but your dad managed to find a really nice deal for a hotel. And we both just wanted to see you, what with everything that's going on. Traffic's a nightmare, as usual, but seems a lot worse going out of the city. On a Tuesday, isn't that odd? anyway, call us back as soon as you get this. We'll see you soon! Bye!

Wishlist

Janet, Unknown

JANET: Damn, these game things are expensive. What's a kid supposed to do with a four hundred dollar game box thing?

MAN: They need something good in their lives, babe. It's been a tough year.

JANET: I know... Listen, how 'bout you and me, we just give each other cards this year? I mean, do we really need more stuff?

MAN: Really?

JANET: I just want a family, honey. Just get your kids to call me "mom" and I'll be good.

MAN: Ha, I think you're gonna be Janet for a long while.

JANET: You don't think this console will do the trick?

MAN: We'll see. Love you, sweet thing.

Clubbing

Unknown

WOMAN 1: You HAVE to come.

WOMAN 2: What's so great about this place?

WOMAN 1: Oh my god, it's incredible, the whole club is like a hospital. And you sit in wheelchairs and you drink out of IV tubes. And if you want snacks, they bring them to you... in bedpans.

WOMAN 2: With everyone getting that flu? That is, like, in the worst taste ever.

WOMAN 1: Jesus. You are seriously NO FUN since you hooked up with Max.

WOMAN 2: At least I'm not each out of bedpans, bitch. Mwah.

I Hate NYC

Unknown

MAN 1: No, I'm not kidding. I'm sick to death of smelling other people's garbage, and like, I can't even stand on the subway anymore without some urban dance troupe gyrating in my face. And cabs - God! - I might as well be driving the car myself.

MAN 2: Oh please. You know you love it here.

MAN 1: Honey, you are here, and I love you. That's different.

Sneeze

Unknown

WOMAN 1: Yeah - sneezed into my mouth.

WOMAN 2: WHAT?!

WOMAN 1: —And you know what's weird, it wasn't even my worst date this week.

WOMAN 2: Okay, now you have to come to Brewplace on Saturday. It's in Brooklyn. You learn to make your own craft beer. We're all going.

WOMAN 1: Craft beer and Brooklyn hipsters? Is this 2012?

WOMAN 2: Navid is into you, big time. I'm putting you on the list.

Farmland

Unknown

MAN 1: I bought the farm.

MAN 2: Say WHAT?!

MAN 1: Okay, I bought a farm. Forty acres, out in Virginia.

MAN 2: You're kidding.

MAN 1: Right up in the Blue Ridge. It's mostly cleared, with a little bit of woods out back, and there's a farmhouse. I'm going to raise chickens.

MAN 2: You're a city boy. You won't last a week out there.

MAN 1: I may not last a week here. Goddamn bug has sent four people in my building to the hospital. One of 'em died. I'm getting out while I can, and you should, too.

The Killer

Detective Mercier, Unknown

DETECTIVE MERCIER: Third precinct, Detective Mercier speaking.

UNKNOWN: ...I hear you're looking for me, detective.

DETECTIVE MERCIER: —Start the trace. Why are you calling me?

UNKNOWN: Because I like to watch you run in circles.

DETECTIVE MERCIER: We're going to catch you, pal. You'd better believe it.

UNKNOWN: Run, run as fast as you can. You can't catch me -

DETECTIVE MERCIER: You trace that?

UNKNOWN 2: Yeah. Phone's registered to some 15 year old kid in Hackensack. Just another wannabe trying to get famous on someone else's kills. It gets old, man.

Christmas Menu

Unknown

WOMAN: Out of ham? How can they be out of ham for Christmas?

MAN: No ham, no turkey. No meat, at least unspoiled. The woman said they haven't had a delivery in two weeks.

WOMAN: We could do a nut roast, I guess.

MAN: Well, that doesn't sound very Christmas-y.

WOMAN: Chestnuts roasting on an open fire! Or at least an oven broiler. What's more Christmas-y than that?

MAN: Hey, what about hot dogs? We have some of those. We could cut 'em up into chunks, wrap 'em in biscuit dough from a tube and call 'em pigs-in-a-blanket.

WOMAN: "Hot dog chunks"? For Christmas dinner?

MAN: Just like Santa intended. C'mon, we can sell this. You know the kids'll love it.

WOMAN: Okay. Hot dog chunks it is. I'm dreaming of a chunky Christmas...

Directive 51

Directive 51 - 1

Captain Benitez

CAPTAIN BENITEZ: Okay, people, listen up. I've been getting a lot of questions about this Directive 51 thing, and the people with the orange wristwatches, and with all the other crap we've got going on nobody knows what the hell's going on. Well, today's your lucky day, 'cause I'm gonna give you the short version, and after this, no excuses. Right. So, first things first: yes, we gotta do it. Directive 51 comes right off the President's desk, which means it's totally on the up and up. Someone invokes it, you listen.

Directive 51 - 2

Captain Benitez

CAPTAIN BENITEZ: What does it say? It says a lot of things, but the part that matters is this: certain people are now authorized to do whatever the hell it takes to clean up the big messes. Nuclear, biological, chemical attacks, pandemic, giant monsters - that sort of thing. As you might have guess our current situation qualifies. They're called The Division, and they're being activated as we speak. How do you know who they are? Look for those damn orange circles you see the glow, then you'll know.

Directive 51 - 3

Captain Benitez

CAPTAIN BENITEZ: Who are these people? According to Directive 51, they're sleeper agents recruited from the civilian population, to be activated on when the shit well and truly hits the fan. Which, if you ask me, describes things pretty good. They're not military, they're not SEALs, they're not secret agents. They're people, coming from the people, to help the people. They've been trained to maintain order and public safety in domestic environments, under extreme circumstances, so people likes us are able to do what we do best.

Directive 51 - 4

Captain Benitez

CAPTAIN BENITEZ: They could be anyone - your neighbor, your dentist, your wife, you name it. All that matters was that someone thought they could do the job when things went to shit. And when they got the call, they dropped whatever they were doing and they hit the streets, because that's the kind of people they are. And yeah, I'm about as happy about this as you are - somebody in D.C. called the Strategic Homeland Division didn't have a lot of faith in people like us. Then again, you look around, maybe planning for something like this was the right idea.

Directive 51 - 5

Captain Benitez

CAPTAIN BENITEZ: Anyway, you meet a Division agent, you offer them any and every bit of aid you can, 'cause they're the ones who are supposed to help us get out of this mess. Look, I know we've been busting our butts, all of us. Firemen, cops, animal control, you name it - the whole Joint Task Force has been doing a hell of a job. But sometimes you gotta call the cavalry. Crisis gets too big: there's just not enough of us to go around, the city needs more than we can give.

Directive 51 - 6

Captain Benitez

CAPTAIN BENITEZ: So. You want the formal language, here it is. Effective immediately, we will be liaising with the Division. Our ops will be run jointly. We will have some autonomy on strategy and implementation, but Division agents will have the ultimate authority, if it comes to that. Hopefully, it won't. You're in the field, you don't need to wait for some Division honcho to tell you to pull the trigger.

Directive 51 - 7

Captain Benitez

CAPTAIN BENITEZ: Now I know the next question you're gonna ask, because a ton of you have already asked it. Which is, what happens to them when this is all over? I know you're worried that maybe we get through this thing and these Division types are gonna be running things from then on. The good news is, you can relax. According to the directive, once the immediate crisis passes, they're deactivated and they go the hell home. They're not taking over New York, they're not replacing us - they're here to do a job and get the fuck out, because they got lives and families they want to get back to.

Directive 51 - 8

Captain Benitez

CAPTAIN BENITEZ: But right now, worrying about what happens when we beat this is pissing into the wind. We gotta beat it first, and we're gonna need these Division types' help to do it. So. The first wave of agents have been activated, and I know some of you have seen 'em in the field. How many are coming, I got no idea. How many "waves", same thing. As many as they got, I hope, but it's not up to me. You are encouraged to talk to 'em, get to know 'em, and most of all, find a way to work with them. Build a relationship. They may be Feds, but they're also New Yorkers. We're all in this together.

Directive 51 - 9

Captain Benitez

CAPTAIN BENITEZ: Where does this Directive 51 thing leave us? Doing our damn jobs. You're still going to be on the streets, you're gonna be helping people, you're gonna be doing the same thing you've been doing. In the ops centers, people like me will be playing advisory roles. We're gonna fall under Division authority, but if that's what it takes...Look, we've been through this before - 9/11. Sandy. Feds stepped in 'cause we needed 'em. Things get bad enough, that's what happens.

Directive 51 - 10

Captain Benitez

CAPTAIN BENITEZ: We don't have to love it, but we do have to do it. Some of you might be old enough to remember the old Dark Winter exercise, when the Feds tried to simulate what something like this would look like. Turns out, they predicted this shit-show pretty accurately. That's what got Directive 51 written in the first place. Now we get to live with it.

Survivor Diary

Survivor 1

Joel

JOEL: Hey bro, it's me. Sorry I couldn't pick up; I was hanging out with that girl I told you about. Vanessa. And yes, when I say hanging out I mean exactly what you think. That's all you get; a gentleman doesn't kiss and tell. Anyway, thought I'd check in, see how my nephews are doing. Mom keeps leaving voice messages asking when I'm coming home for the weekend. Can you please explain to her that busy college students have to spend weekends studying? She might actually buy it, coming from you. Gotta run to class. Call me back. Later.

Survivor 2

Joel

JOEL: Hey. Dan-o, it's me. I know, I know, but things got a little hectic. My soc essay took longer than expected, and then Vanessa got sick, and you know, I wanted to bring her chicken soup, stream Gosling moves with her and stuff. Be the doting boyfriend. You gotta get into the city and meet her sometime soon, man. But not this week; she's still sick as a dog and this thing seems to be going around. Wouldn't want you taking a bug home for the boys. Anyway, tell Mom I'm sorry and I promise to get out to PA for the holidays, okay? You're the best. Later

Survivor 3

Joel

JOEL: Uh, hey Danny. It's, it's me. Um... Well, you probably heard about what's going on. They're still saying flu, but.. I dunno. I took Vanessa to the ER again last night. It was bad - she had a fever of 103, she was hallucinating, and, well..yeah. They kept her in this time. I'm not family, so they won't tell me anything. I don't think they know anything anyway. I'm still fine, make sure you tell Mom, but... it's getting weird. So many people are getting sick, the hospitals can't handle it. They're setting up clinics in the parks and shit. It's fucked up... I'll try ya later.

Survivor 4

Joel

JOEL: Hey big brother. It's Joel. I, uh... Vanessa died. That's gotta be the most fucked-up thing I ever said. A month ago we were sexting in Comp Lit; this morning... They wouldn't let me see her. I told them her family's in Hong Kong; they know the airports are shut down... Jesus, this all happened so fast. I don't know where she is, Danny. I don't know what they did with her, her... Um. University canceled classes. Bridges, tunnels, everything's closed. I'm stuck here. Tell Mom I'm fine. I'm not, but.. I'm not sick, at least. Call me. Please.

Survivor 5

Joel

JOEL: Danny. Got your voice mail. Cell service is hit-and-miss these days. Like everything. Power comes and goes. You don't find a place to sleep before dark, nobody lets you in - too afraid you're bringing the disease with you. Those nights, I end up in a hallway somewhere, or sleeping in an alley under a cardboard box, like some kind of bum. Fucking cold in this city, you know? Like, I knew it was, but... when you can't get away from it, you realize: it's a lot colder than you think. Nobody's got spare food. I'm running out of ramen. Dunno what I'm gonna do when that happens. Mom's gonna be fine, Dan-o. Yeah, I'm sure it's something else.

Survivor 6

Joel

JOEL: It's Joel. Dunno if these are getting through. Tell Mom... I love her. Tell her I'll be home soon. Dress it up however you have to; just, just make sure she believes it. I don't want her lying there thinking... I'm hungry. Dan. Jesus, I'm hungry. I'd eat a fucking pigeon raw if I could catch one. The CERA people were handing out MREs, but they didn't have enough and people started getting rough. I didn't, but... I can't blame 'em. Hunger, it gnaws at you. Like your brain's eating itself from the inside out. I lied. I got rough. But I got something to eat. You don't need to call me back.

Survivor 7

Joel

JOEL: Got your message. Thanks. I'm glad... it was quick, I guess. I wish I could have seen her, before... Dan. Today I saw these guys on the street. Standing around this old man. They wanted his suitcase. They didn't know what was in it, but they wanted it anyway. And he didn't want to give it up. So they knocked him down, and started kicking him. Hard. 'Til he passed out. Danny, I was on of them. Get out of town. Alright, put the boys in the car, go to the lake. And take Dad's shotgun. The three of you can live there for months. Do it, Danny. Before it's too late.

Survivor 8

Joel

JOEL: Dan. You stopped leaving messages. Why'd you stop leaving messages, Dan? I have news. Tons of things to tell you. I'm doing better. Found some folks to hang with. The right crowd. Strength in numbers. We take what we want. Who we want. When we want. We eat. Every. Single. Day. Darwin, man. These are my people. We're gonna survive. You're never gonna hear this. It's gonna live on a NSA server somewhere in Nevada, like the nuclear waste they bury in the desert. With the cockroaches nothing can kill. Soon we'll all be gone. The cockroaches will rule the earth. Good fucking riddance.

Nurse

Nurse 1

Sharona Diaz

SHARONA DIAZ: Are you recording this? No, no, that's fine. When we're done, you're going to let me go right? That was the deal. Anyway, my name is Sharona Diaz, and I am... I was a Nurse Practitioner at Bellevue. The hospital. Worked there for sixteen years, so I've seen all kinds of bad stuff, but nothing like this. Okay, I'm sorry. The first cases we got? Early December, the night of the fifth. They started coming in, just a couple at first. Symptoms they presented looked like flu, and that's what we thought it all was. I mean, we knew it was going to be a bad season, and that's what we thought this was. So we gave them fluids and sent them home, like you do. I mean, how were we supposed to know?

Nurse 2

Sharona Diaz

SHARONA DIAZ: But, the thing is, the patients keep on coming. I mean, you work ER, you're always ready for a bad night, but this was every day and it never stopped. More people coming in, same symptoms. You'd see parents shivering there next to their kids, with the kids trying to keep it together, and your heart, it just broke for them. Three-four days of this, we're pretty sure it's not flu. DCD was calling every couple of hours for updates, and they asked all these questions that made it pretty clear, they didn't think it was the flu, either.

Nurse 3

Sharona Diaz

SHARONA DIAZ: What the Disease Control Department finally told us was scary. This thing - nobody was saying “smallpox” yet - was virulent as 2 parts per million. Direct contact, airborne contagion, too - it was scary. The Governor declared it an emergency and they locked the city down, and we realized what kind of hell we were going to be in for. The National Guard move in, but what were they going to do? They weren’t doctors.

Nurse 4

Sharona Diaz

SHARONA DIAZ: The 8th was when someone finally said “smallpox”. Word came down that we were supposed to inoculate healthy patients with smallpox vaccine, even though our supplies were old and nobody knew if it would even work. The thing was, it didn’t. People kept getting sick and coming in, and we just didn’t have the room. We did what we could to make people comfortable, but we just couldn’t stop it. We couldn’t even slow it down.

Nurse 5

Sharona Diaz

SHARONA DIAZ: That's when it all turned into alphabet soup. First CERA rolled into town, thinking they've got this under control. Catastrophic Emergency Response Agency. More like Can't Even Run Anything. They started setting up these mass treatment facilities in midtown, which took the load off us but didn't do much else. On the 11th, people started dying. By the 13th, the morgues were full. And on the 14th, we had to start turning people away.

Nurse 6

Sharona Diaz

SHARONA DIAZ: That was hell, you know? But we couldn't do anything for them. We were out of beds, we were out of medicine, the staff was starting to come down with it - it was a nightmare. By the 17th, they shut us down. Too much risk of infection, they said. More like they wanted to concentrate all the patients in those CERA field hospitals, maybe keep it away from the rest of the city.

Nurse 7

Sharona Diaz

SHARONA DIAZ: What happened next? You know what happened next. The Joint Task Force tried to hold things together, but really, what were they going to do? Cops and firefighters and weekend warriors? The city was falling apart. Too many people were sick, too many jobs weren't getting done. And then they lost control of those CERA facilities and had to wall them off. It was just too much. Me, I got out before they shut the doors of the Dark Zone, and now all I want to do is go home. You're going to let me go, right? You said you were going to let me go.

National Guard

National Guard 1

Robert Armitage

SPECIALIST ROBERT ARMITAGE: Understood... Yes ma'am. Yes, I was in the Dark Zone when we pulled out. Yes, I'm to talk about it. My name? Specialist Robert Armitage, Jr., Army National Guard, New York. 42nd Infantry Division... Yes ma'am, it's a mouthful.. Electronics engineer, wife and two kids in Utica. Mobilized mid December, after the governor declared a state of emergency. We knew there was an outbreak; we didn't know of what.. No, ma'am. My experience, they don't tell you these things unless they're relevant, and it wasn't. No yet... Well, you join up, you pretty much give 'em leave to do whatever they want to you.

National Guard 2

Robert Armitage

SPECIALIST ROBERT ARMITAGE: When did I get to Manhattan? Early days, right after the outbreak. they mobilized us on the seventh, had us in transports to the city on the eight. Quarantine was already coming down. It was weird as hell to see traffic going in to Manhattan and not see anything coming out. People hadn't started dying yet, but already things were pretty shaky. Half the city was sick and the other half was afraid to go to work cause they were afraid of getting sick.

National Guard 3

Robert Armitage

SPECIALIST ROBERT ARMITAGE: Our initial orders were to liaise with CERA and provide support. Build aid stations and help them set up those field hospitals. City policing we left to the civil authorities, though we could see they were getting stretched pretty thin. But we build structures, we safeguarded supply drops, we handed out blankets and water bottles, and we held the line on the quarantine. Nobody was getting off the island, not if we could help it...had to shoot a few people who tried. I'm not proud of that.

National Guard 4

Robert Armitage

SPECIALIST ROBERT ARMITAGE: Then people started dying. For real dying, not just old folks and kids. People were dropping dead in the streets. People dying in their apartments and nobody would find them for days. The hospitals, they were turning people away 'cause they had nothing left. But that was okay, because CERA had those mass treatment centers going, and they were going to be it. By that point, the cat was out of the bag on the smallpox thing, but we had hope, you know? CERA was gonna beat this thing and then we were all gonna go home. Meanwhile, the city was falling to shit around us.

National Guard 5

Robert Armitage

SPECIALIST ROBERT ARMITAGE: JTF? They were trying, doing their best during all this. Firemen, cops, crossing guards, you name it. All of them, trying to keep things running when the water stops flowing and the lights go out, and all you got is a badge and a promise things are gonna get better? People start getting crazy in the streets, start stealing food, taking it from their neighbors - what are you gonna do? After a while, they linked us up with them and called us all JTF, but it still wasn't enough.

National Guard 6

Robert Armitage

SPECIALIST ROBERT ARMITAGE: Early days, there was talk of hooking up with that PMC someone paid to guard their offices in Wall Street. Last Man Battalion, they were called. Complete bunch of shit heads. If they played ball, maybe things wouldn't have gotten so bad. But their CO, this Bliss guy, he decided they're not working will nobody. So suddenly we've got a shooting war going on with those guys while the disease is out of control. Not enough we've got a superbug trying to kill us, goddamn merc gotta try it, too.

National Guard 7

Robert Armitage

SPECIALIST ROBERT ARMITAGE: But that's all besides the point. 'Cause the real problem was, those treatments centers, they failed. Everybody died. The patients, the doctors, the nurses, the poor son of bitches dumping bodies into the mass graves they had to dig in Central Park - everyone. People dying on the inside, people shooting at us on the outside, when they finally told us to pull out it was a blessing. 'cept now all that's behind barbed wire. Yeah, that's where your Dark Zone came from. And the things I've seen. I don't care how much you're offering, I'm never going back in.

Keener's Reports

Keener's Reports 1

Aaron Keener

AARON KEENER: Goddammit. GodDAMmit.. I was there. I was right there. I could have saved those people. I could have saved the whole fucking situation... Here's what I don't get: How do you recruit the best of the best and then not allow them to do their f-fucking jobs? Son of a bitch... Thing is, we pull out now, we can't ever go back. The whole area just becomes one big dark zone. Totally lawless. Jesus, we're letting them win...! Jesus, we're letting them win... Stop it. Stop being a pussy. Get a fucking grip. Think. Think, goddammit,. Idiots. Motherfucking idiots! How dare they? How dare they?

Keener's Reports 2

Aaron Keener

AARON KEENER: Okay. Okay. First of all. I owe myself an apology. Emotional outbursts are unacceptable. Certainly unprofessional. No matter how provoked. So. I apologize. I forgive myself. I move forward.

Good. Now. The questions of the moment. This, this... betrayal. This changes things. Things have changed. This is clear. We've been lied to. We're sent to do a job. Things get tough- suddenly we're not allowed to do it. Rules are broken. Values discarded. A city abandoned. This is the truth. This is reality. The man behind the curtain. I have to tell others.

Keener's Reports 3

Aaron Keener

AARON KEENER: Ok...Progress report: I've spoken to several other agents about the Division's betrayal. This wasn't easy, given our cell structure. I only knew the agents in my cell. One was supportive. Two were...not.

Every war has casualties. As I've been reminded.

But the one led to others. I'm encouraged. Obviously not everyone will be persuadable, but a 1-in-3 success rate is more than expected. I also received an unexpected connection to Colonel Charles Bliss of the Last Man Battalion. I'm told his might be a friendly ear. I look forward to bending it.

Keener's Reports 4

Aaron Keener

AARON KEENER: Progress report: Col. Bliss proved receptive. A man of rare wisdom and insight. Not to mention fine taste in single-malts.

New challenge: With most of the initial wave of agents either dead or laying dead, the Division has apparently activated a second wave. Smaller than the first, it seems. Poor planning. For want of a nail the war was... I'm sure they're good people. Unfortunately, they can't be allowed to succeed so we'll have to cut some assignments short. Nobody said saving the world was gonna be easy.

Keener's Reports 5

Aaron Keener

AARON KEENER: Progress Report: It looks like the Last Man Battalion's the best bet, at least in the short term. I've set up a line of communication with Lt. Col. Charles Bliss, and it's proving mutually beneficial. There's a certain overlap of view points there, and some shared ambition. He's a man who has a vision for this godforsaken rock, one that I can work with. We've already collaborated on one operation in Brooklyn, but taking down a helicopter's just a first step. Let's see how far this can go.

Keener's Reports 6

Aaron Keener

AARON KEENER: I've had an idea, and it's a good one. Let's think about the virus. What do we know? That it's similar to smallpox. Not smallpox, but similar. Which means it's a designed variation. Smallpox is the base, on which a designed made alterations. Now: Live smallpox exists in only two places: DCD and Russia. The base virus had to come from one of them. DCD? I would have heard if their security had been breached. So: Russia. Now let's think about the designer. Are there virologist with connection to both New York and Russia? In fact there are. Two. One's Russian, one's American. A little research tells me both were in New York on Black Friday. Thank you, Shade tech.

Keener's Reports 7

Aaron Keener

AARON KEENER: Let me rethink things a little.

Did some more digging into our two virologists, specifically, their work. That's where things got interesting. If I'm reading Tchernenko's abstracts right, there was no need to steal the smallpox, not when it's already been decoded, and digitized, and set up to be tucked into an email like any other attachment. And that digital genome was just sitting there, waiting for someone with the right know-how and the right equipment and the right imagination to make it live. This, this version of New York is just a start. The possibilities are endless. Is there a limit to what can be done? Let's find out.

PR Agency

Public Relations Agency 1

Arthur Tranh

ARTHUR TRANH: Err. Lieutenant Colonel Bliss, this is Arthur Tranh from PolanerNguyen Creative Associates. First let me say what please it is to be working for a company like yours and with someone like you, so devoted to keeping our great country safe. I've sent you the storyboards for the proposal for your firm which we're calling "Island Thunder." It starts with a flyover by a wing of attack helicopters, all firing full blast. Behind them there's a massive explosion, followed by a pan down to where we see one soldier in your company's uniform taking out a dozen enemies with a massive machine gun, tasteful heavy metal, and a voice-over that emphasizes the sorts of awesome adventures your men have been on on a day to day basis. Tell me what you think.

Public Relations Agency 2

Charles Bliss

CHARLES BLISS: Mister Trinh. This is Charles Bliss calling. I just wanted to let you know that I got your message and I looked over your storyboard, and that your ad is the biggest crap I've ever seen. And that includes the time I got trapped marching behind sixteen elephants in a parade. You show no understanding of what my company is, what my people do, or what sort of high-character individuals we're looking to recruit. So. You have one week to do better, or I'll fire you, and we'll do better. Do I make myself understood? Bliss out.

Public Relations Agency 3

Arthur Tranh

ARTHUR TRANH: Uh, Lieutenant Colonel Bliss, sir, f-first let me apologize for the previous effort we sent you. That was the work of a junior associate who has of course since been let go. W-we've assigned all our senior staff to your project, and I think you'll be very pleased with the revision. It's a very simple concept, just you talking about your service and the idea of loyalty and duty, and I think we can bring it in at well under your budget. So, uhh, call me back and let me know?

Urban Explorer

Urban Explorer 1

Eva Acosta

EVA ACOSTA: This is Eva Acosta, Urban Spelunker extraordinaire. New York has been cordoned off by the JTF and I am in the most exclusive club in the world. Manhattan. Tomas and Blanca got their asses caught by the JTF. Not me. But then they don't have my mad parkour skills. I'm exploring the city and reporting what I see. Taking nothing but photos and leaving nothing but footprints. And maybe the occasional audio recording...so people know where I've been and the incredible things I've seen here. The adventure begins.

Urban Explorer 2

Eva Acosta

EVA ACOSTA: This is Eva Acosta, Urban Spelunker, and this is my first night exploring the Big Apple. Gotta say, it's spooky as hell here. New York used to be a very crowded place, but is creepy how quiet it is now. Hardly any lights. Just the wind howling through the buildings. Can you hear that pack of dogs? Don't know if they have rabies or what, but I am keeping far away from them. It's a moonless night and it's dark as hell. The streets are full of snowdrifts and there is nothing moving anywhere. No traffic. Nothing. I don't think New York has even been this quiet.

Urban Explorer 3

Eva Acosta

EVA ACOSTA: This is Eva Acosta, Urban Spelunker. Day two inside the city that never sleeps. Last night was pretty freak, but today's a whole different story. I mean it's cold as hell, but I've never seen this city look so amazingly peaceful and majestic. The sky is ice blue and everything is covered in snow. There are huge icicles hanging off the trees. It's like a picture perfect winter wonderland. I went by the zoo and it looks like someone let some of the animals go. I wonder if anyone's still feeding the ones still there. What the hell is that? Is that the National Guard? What are they doing? There are prisoners in chains being dragged behind trucks. Oh, shit! They see me!

Urban Explorer 4

Eva Acosta

EVA ACOSTA: This is Eva Acosta, Urban Spelunker. Day three. Yesterday some assholes shot at me. Soldiers. National Guard maybe. I don't who they thought I was. Anyway, I'm in Mid-Town today, not far from the Empire State Building, in front of Abel's Department store. My papi used to bring me where when I was little to watch the Thanksgiving Day parade. There's a parade today, but I don't like the looks of it. Guys wearing gas masks and big tanks on their backs are leading a group of people into a circle. Some of them are crying. I'm afraid to get any closer because I don't know what they're doing. Maybe I should take some pictures. Oh, my god! They're burning them! Oh, my god!

Urban Explorer 5

Eva Acosta

EVA ACOSTA: This is Eva Acosta, Urban Spelunker. And..I..I gotta get out of this city. It's like...I don't know... people are going crazy. I'm at Abel's and there aren't any shoppers. Just looters. The windows are all broken and people are just taking what they want. They're laughing. They're screaming. They're fighting over shit. Where are the cops? Where's anybody in charge? I always thought I was some kind an anarchist. Flipping off the man. Fighting the status quo. I camped out in Zuccotti Park for Occupy Wall Street. I protested the G7 summit. But this... this is just... sad. There's a woman on the street and she's bleeding and she's crying and no one is helping her. And I can't, either, because if those looters see me.. I don't know what they'll do to me.

Urban Explorer 6

Eva Acosta

EVA ACOSTA: This is Eva Acosta and I... I can't find a way out of this fucking city. I'm almost out of food and I don't know what to do. There's a whole lot of desperate people camped out in the train yards, but I think a lot of them are sick. There's no way through the Lincoln tunnel. There's not way across any of the bridges. There's not way out anywhere. Getting in was easy. They're not watching for people trying to get in. Who'd be stupid enough to want in? But getting out? (coughs) Oh, shit. I hope I'm not getting sick. I think I better head for the train yards. I don't know where else to go. At least there's safety in numbers there. If someone find this recording, I'm hoping you can get a message to my parents in Teaneck, New Jersey. Isabel and Ramon Acosta. Tell them Eva loves them. Tell them... I'm sorry.

Vigilante

Vigilante 1

Unknown

MAN:

Now, this city needs a hero. And - and - and I will give them that hero. I - I have always known that it was my destiny to - to someday be Manhattan's last defender of - of truth and - and justice, and now... now my time has come. It is time for me to - to - to don my mask and my cape and go forth into the streets and - and - and to punish the wicked and - and - defend the innocent!

It took the dollar flu, the - the so-called Green Poison to trigger my latent powers. But [laughs] I became indestructible. I threw myself off rooftops and I did not fall! I had become the living symbol of this city, and I have sworn to protect it. Rikers, the - the LMB, the strange men with the flamethrowers - I fought them all... in the name of justice.

Vigilante 2

Unknown

MAN: I made myself a-a costume. I took kevlar from them, and- and I stitched together and I made a mask and- and a cape. The cape was-was not very good in a fight though, so-so I got rid of that after a while. But-but I always took the fight to the enemy. I stopped them from attacking the innocents. Dropping down on them from rooftops. Preventing them from preying on the weak. And the Riker who tried to follow me back to my apartment, well I am sure - I am sure that I lost him before he fo - wait. What is that noise? I'll, er, I'll be back in a minute.

Vigilante 3

Unknown

MAN: It has been a long time, my friend. A long time since I told you about my adventures. My duty to this- this city, even. You see, I was attacked by- by- by a- a great many of those escaped prisoners. But- but I fought them, even though I was outnumbered, and I escaped through the window. I have not been back since. It's- it's too dangerous. All my notes, all my gadgets, all- all my- my- my tools of justice must remain behind. But- but I will find a new lair and- and I will plot my revenge. And when the time comes, I will re-emerge once again and show them the power of justice!

Vitaly Tchernenko

Vitaly Tchernenko's Journal 1

Vitaly Tchernenko

VITALY TCHERNENKO: I am Vitaly Tchernenko. Physician and virologist. I live in Novosibirsk, in Russia. I will record this journal to document the events in New York City after what they call the Dollar Flue outbreak. I am fortunate to be in New York now, as I am to speak at Sinai Hospital medical conference. I hope to be of some use in this crisis. I have, how does one say it, mixed feelings; one does not wish others to suffer, but for a virologist it is also an excellent opportunity to learn. The first does not cancel out the second...Oh, I- I should add: E- English is not my best language but more people speak it here than Russian, so I will use it.

Vitaly Tchernenko's Journal 2

Vitaly Tchernenko

VITALY TCHERNENKO: My talk at the conference has been postponed. As is the conference itself. This.. is not a surprise. The Russian consulate has called me in. I am to stay here in the consulate building until the crisis has passed. Is very comfortable, more comfortable than my hotel, in fact. But here one feels a little like a prisoner. Am I not more useful to help with study of Green Poison - this is what they are calling the virus. - if I can work with others? It feels like the bad old days. At least I still have my phone and Internet. I will try to stay up on how things develop. Perhaps I can be of help from here.

Vitaly Tchernenko's Journal 3

Vitaly Tchernenko

VITALY TCHERNENKO: This is all very frustrating, I have a colleague, in New York, Dr. Amherst. Gordon. He was at Vector for one-year exchange years ago. Very productive time. He was very interested in my work, taking a dangerous virus - Ebola, say - and make small changes to the genome, to make the virus less deadly but also more...fertile. In the end, the harmless version will win out over the harmful one, this is the idea. At the time it was theory; now maybe it is possible using computer and modified 3-D printer. I want to speak to Dr. Amherst, and see what he think. I have called him, but he has not yet answered.

Vitaly Tchernenko's Journal 4

Vitaly Tchernenko

VITALY TCHERNENKO: I am troubled by the news. The DCD says the virus maybe smallpox. But live smallpox is kept in just two places in world: DCD and Vector, in Siberia, where I work. It is very, very hard to access if one does not have the proper security clearance. if this is true, the one behind this may have connection to DCD or Vector. They may even be known to me. It is.. disturbing.. Still no answer from Dr. Amherst. I am concerned for his health. I want to go to his home to make sure he is safe, but I am not permitted to leave consulate. I am too vital to Russian interests, or so they tell me. Pozhaluysta...!

Vitaly Tchernenko's Journal 5

Vitaly Tchernenko

VITALY TCHERNENKO: Watching and reading the news, I am now convinced that the virus is not smallpox but rather modified virus based on smallpox. Why? Because the symptoms are similar but, ah, what is word, tweaked. Faster transmission. More lethal. Optimized. This is what I was trying to defend against: modified viruses, weaponized for terrorism. I remember having long talks with Dr. Amherst about it. The consul will not allow me to contact the DCD and share what I know. They say soon we are leaving the United States. That I am so close to being able to help yet so far makes me angry. And terribly sad. I still have heard nothing from Dr. Amherst. I fear the worst.

Vitaly Tchernenko's Journal 6

Vitaly Tchernenko

VITALY TCHERNENKO: I am so furious... They left me. For weeks, I did as I was told. I came to the consulate. I did not contact the DCD. I stayed hidden while an epidemic raged outside, and I might know better than anyone what is really going on. I hid so well, it seems, that they forgot to tell me of the evacuation. They left - this is a wonderful English phrase - in the dead of night. I have no words.

Vitaly Tchernenko's Journal 7

Vitaly Tchernenko

VITALY TCHERNENKO: Bozhe moy... Outside is worse than I expected. Before, I thought this was a crisis to get through, then rebuild. Now.. I am not so sure. I want to go to Dr. Amherst's home, to see if he is alive... but I do not think it is safe to do this. The streets seem dangerous. There are almost no police. This is not the New York I remember. It is wiser to stay in the consulate for now. At least here the Internet sometimes works. I have alerted the Russian embassy in Washington to my presence. They saw the will come for me when the blockade is lifted. Until then... I wait.

Creep

Phone Harassment 1

Silvia, Rick

SILVIA: Hello?

RICK: [Breathes heavily into the phone]

Phone Harassment 2

Rick, Rick's Mom, Silvia

SILVIA: Silvia.

RICK: [Heavy breathing]

SILVIA: Rick, hi! Finally! I've been waiting all day for you to call. I've got someone here who's been dying to talk to you.

RICK: [Heavy breathing]

WOMAN: Ricky, is that you? What the hell is wrong with you boy, calling this young lady in the middle of the night? I raised you better than that!

Phone Harassment 3

Silvia, Rick

RICK: Yeah, it's Rick.

SILVIA: (Breathing)

RICK: Uh... Hello?

SILVIA: (Panting)

RICK: Who's there?

SILVIA: You like that, huh? Having someone call you at four o'clock in the morning?

Lucky Girl

Competition

Naomi, Ali

ALI: Hey, this is Ali from 89.8, your home for the best music. Am I talking to Naomi?

NAOMI: Yes.

ALI: How old are you Naomi?

NAOMI: I'm nine.

ALI: Well, Naomi, you are a very lucky little girl, because if you can answer one question, you're going to be a finalist for a chance to see "The Nutcracker" at Lincoln Center!

NAOMI: Yay!

ALI: Now listen carefully. Can you tell me who wrote this song?

NAOMI: It's Peter Illych Tchaikovsky. My grandma taught me that.

ALI: You've got a very smart grandma. And you're a very smart girl, because you're now entered to win those tickets! Keep listening and you'll find out if you won real soon!

NAOMI: Okay... Bye!

Winner

Ali, Naomi

NAOMI: Hello, this is Naomi.

ALI: Hi again Naomi! This is Ali from 89.8 again! And I have some good news for you!

NAOMI: What?

ALI: Princess, you're going to see The Nutcracker at Lincoln Center!

NAOMI: Grandma! We won, we won!

ALI: So who are you going to take with you?

NAOMI: My grandma!

ALI: Well you tell grandma to make sure you have a great time, okay?

NAOMI: Okay.

ALI: Now put your grandma on the line so we can get her those tickets for you.

NAOMI: Okay. Grandma!

Birds

Peace

Jen, Unknown

JEN: 911 what's your emergency? Nah, just kidding. It's me Jen. I can't answer right now, but leave a message and I'll call you back! Peace.

ESCAPED RIKER: Hi Jen, it's me, your husband, remember? I've been thinking a lot lately, with everything that's happened, and it just occurred to me how much I miss you. I close my eyes and I can still see you walking down the aisle in that tight white dress. My goodness, what a body. You used to drive me crazy. Can't believe how young we were... and stupid.

Birds

Unknown

JEN: 911 what's your emergency? Nah, just kidding. It's me Jen. I can't answer right now, but leave a message and I'll call you back! Peace.

ESCAPED RIKER: Hi, it's me again. There's something I wanted you to hear. Listen. It's birds, Jen. After nine years behind bars I can't tell you how refreshing that is... I've got to go now, got some last minute Christmas shopping to do, but don't worry, you'll see a lot more of me soon. Remember how I used to say even prison couldn't keep us apart?... Oh, and I ran into your boyfriend... He says hi. "Peace".

Suspensions

Investigating

Alex

ALEX: What's he doing now?

WOMAN: He's going into a jewelry store.

ALEX: Oh my goodness, you know what this means!

WOMAN: It doesn't mean anything.

ALEX: No grown man goes into a jewelry store at 11am on a Wednesday...

WOMAN: He's not the affair type, Alex.

ALEX: Then why the hell are you following him?

Surprise

J, Unknown

MAN: Hey J, guess who got seats to the game tonight?

WOMAN: You got tickets?

MAN: Lamar couldn't go so I was like - who do I know who's a giant hoops fan...

WOMAN: I'm actually not feeling that well.

MAN: You sure? Look out your window...

WOMAN: What the!? Is that you in the limo?

MAN: So how 'bout it? You feeling better yet?

Out

Renee

Renee

RENEE: Mom, it's Renee, and I hope you get this message... ah... I'm ok, but I can't get out of Manhattan and everyone's getting sick. [breath] I had to have a... couple of drinks to get up the nerve to call you... umm... There's something I wanted to tell you, in person, but now I don't know if, err... I'm gay, mom. I, erm - I've always been gay, it's why I came to New York and... Julie, er - Julie isn't my roommate mom... W-well she is but... uhh... I hope you're ok mom and... I hope you're ok about this and that you don't hate me and that you're ok... I love you, mom. I love you.

Renee's Mother

Renee's Mother

RENEE'S MOTHER: Renee, it's your mother. I got your message... and [sigh] I know, honey. I've known for a long time. And it's ok. Nothing you could do could stop me from loving you. But Renee, I've seen the news and I'm so worried about you right now. What I need you to do is be strong for you and... Julie, to stay safe and look after each other. I love you Renee, call me when you get this.

Shield

AVENGER

Corinne Sanford, Doug Sutton

DOUG SUTTON: Shit! They got my leg.

CORINNE SANFORD: How bad is it?

DOUG SUTTON: Ahh, dammit. I don't think I can walk.

CORINNE SANFORD: Hang on, let me tie that off for you. Executive decision: We're going to hold out here and wait for a pickup.

DOUG SUTTON: Nah, go and finish the job. I'll be fine until you get back.

CORINNE SANFORD: I'm not leaving you here so I can walk into a trap without backup.

DOUG SUTTON: Nah, you saw them running. They're just trying to get away.

CORINNE SANFORD: The longer we sit here arguing the more time they've got to change their minds.

DOUG SUTTON: All the more reason to get going now instead of — agggghhh, did you have to pull it so tight - instead of waiting here with me.

CORINNE SANFORD: Negative on that. We're gonna call for help and sit tight, in case they come back.

DOUG SUTTON: And in case they bring friends.

CHIEFTAIN

Felix Tate, Patricia Perez

PATRICIA PEREZ: Do you people have everything they need?

FELIX TATE: Really? You want to rephrase that question?

PATRICIA PEREZ: You know what I mean, Felix. You got enough supplies to see you through the week? You got the gear you need to keep your place up and running? You got the people you need to make it work?

FELIX TATE: Building a self-sufficient community in the middle of Manhattan and the middle of all this is hard. We'll take all the skilled labor we can get.

PATRICIA PEREZ: When I find good people, I send them to you. You know that.

FELIX TATE: I know, and I appreciate it. Thanks to you, we've got a hydroponics specialist and she's taken over our farming efforts. Where you found her, I'll never know.

PATRICIA PEREZ: I told you - the West Village.

FELIX TATE: Yeah, I'll take your word for it. I'm glad you believe in what we're doing here.

PATRICIA PEREZ: It makes sense. We don't know how long things are going to be bad. People need something to look forward to. People need something to work for. People are going to need to survive if the supply drops cut off.

FELIX TATE: Nah, I don't even want to think about that, but if the days

comes, we'll be ready. I hope.

DEADEYE

Elizabeth Chan, Jordan Wallace

ELIZABETH CHAN: Weather sucks today.

JORDAN WALLACE: Yeah, it's looking like it's going to storm again.

ELIZABETH CHAN: You know what this reminds me of? The day we took down Alex.

JORDAN WALLACE: That was a good day.

ELIZABETH CHAN: No kidding. That guy was huge. Must have been six foot five, two forty, all muscle.

JORDAN WALLACE: Wait...guy?

ELIZABETH CHAN: Yeah, guy. I'm talking about Alex.

JORDAN WALLACE: That's funny. I thought Alex was a woman. Short for Alexis. Hell of a shot, too. Picked off a couple of Agents at range.

ELIZABETH CHAN: No, no. Alex was a guy.

JORDAN WALLACE: Are you sure we're talking about the same Alex?

ELIZABETH CHAN: I dunno. Could there have been more than one?

JORDAN WALLACE: Beats me.

FANG

Raheem Bennett

RAHEEM BENNETT: Ducky, we've got a problem coming that no one's got a solution for. Sooner or later it's going to warm up, and then we're going to be in for a world of hurt. All those bodies that have been in cold storage? They are going to start to rot. That means disease - cholera, dysentery, stuff that'll kill you just as dead as Green Poison and that'll move through the population just as fast. Besides, it's not like we've got a stash of meds just sitting there waiting to be used. Once those secondary infections hit, it's going to be Ducky. Real bad.

HAZARD

April Kelleher, Jerry Liu

JERRY LIU: Headquarters, I have a single civilian, caucasian female, attempting to enter the Dark Zone.

APRIL KELLEHER: Look. You can't stop me. I can't let you.

JERRY LIU: Hang on. HQ - what are you saying, lady?

APRIL KELLEHER: My name is April Kelleher, and I've got to get in there. The proof I need - it's behind those walls. And I'm not going to stop until I get it.

JERRY LIU: All right, convince me letting you go in there isn't assisted suicide.

APRIL KELLEHER: I've been in there before. I can handle myself.

JERRY LIU: Tell you what - I'll let you go, but if you get killed in there, you don't come crying to me, Ok?

APRIL KELLEHER: I promise you. Now, if you'll excuse me...

JERRY LIU: HQ, never mind.

MARSHAL

Patricia Perez

PATRICIA PEREZ: Shit, it's cold. Wish it would warm up a bit for a change. I hate the snow. Footprints make you easy to track. Too many of these second wave fucks on this island. Now I've got to worry about watching my ass instead of making sure they watch theirs. One second waver can't stand up to one of us. Hell, I'd take three to one odds, at least I would have when this started. We're the first wave, the best. The one who were activated first and the ones who were smart enough to bust out of the trap they'd made for us. Then they sent in the second wave and it was amateur hour. You pick them off easy as pie. All you have to do was let a signal off and they'd come running. Ah well, those days are over. The second wavers who survived are getting tough. Getting smart, too. Pretty soon they're going to be able to get the drop on us or at least try to. But they're not there yet. And if I've got anything to say about it, they won't-[gun shot, body hitting the ground]

PHOENIX

BoO Dispatcher, Corinne Sanford

CORINNE SANFORD: HQ, can you read me? I've got a downed Agent here.

BoO DISPATCHER: Careful, LMB has been rigging bodies with IEDs to take out cleanup details.

CORINNE SANFORD: This isn't my first rodeo, HQ. Huh, ISAC's telling me this one's First Wave.

BoO DISPATCHER: Man, where does Keener keep finding them?

CORINNE SANFORD: Keener? What do you mean?

BoO DISPATCHER: Well, the entire First Wave either went with him or got gunned down by him. I wonder which choice this one made.

CORINNE SANFORD: The kill's execution style and the body looks like it's been here a while. I'm guessing he said "No" when Keener tried to recruit him.

BoO DISPATCHER: Keener. That fucking guy. We'd have this entire island under control if it wasn't for him.

CORINNE SANFORD: You heard the latest on him?

BoO DISPATCHER: I heard he left the island somehow. I don't believe it, though. Until he sends me a postcard from Hawaii, I'm going to assume he's still right here.

PRIME

Esme Larson

ESME LARSEN: Here's the thing. For months, everyone's been waiting for this thing to be over with and for everything to go back to being "normal". But that's not going to happen. "Normal" is dead. Or maybe this is the new normal. We've lost too many people and too much time. It can't go back to the way it used to be, no way, no how. What we've got now is what we've got period and there's never going to be more than that. So everyone who's still dreaming that someday they'll be sipping lattes on their way into cubicle jobs is just going to have to get over it. Those days aren't coming back. We might as well get used to the idea and deal with what's right in front of us instead.

REBEL

Raheem Bennett

RAHEEM BENNETT: I don't know, Ducky. The longer this goes on, the harder it is to know who to believe. I mean, I know who not to believe - that Valassi guy- but beyond that, God knows. I mean, nobody knows nothing, but people talk, and what they're saying is not good. What are they saying? That the President's dead. 'cause we haven't heard a damn thing out of the White House in ages. That the rest of the world is just as screwed as Manhattan is and that somebody - maybe the Russians, maybe some rich assholes - was responsible for the Dollar Flu and that this Amherst guy was secretly working for them. Man it's all crazy Ducky, and we don't get any news so I don't know what's true and what's bullshit. but if you ask me, bet on the bad news. [Rubber ducky squeaks]

SACRED

Jerry Liu, Patricia Perez

PATRICIA PEREZ: Can you imagine trying to navigate all this shit without ISAC?

JERRY LIU: Hell, no. We'd be screwed without it. I may have bitched about it when we first got activated, but I'm a believer now.

PATRICIA PEREZ: I hated it at first too - felt like someone was always looking over my shoulder.

JERRY LIU: Yeah, and the chatter. [does an imitation] Warning, Agent. [ends imitation] I swear, I was hearing that in my goddamn sleep. It's a miracle we didn't throw those watches away.

PATRICIA PEREZ: Yeah good thing we didn't. All the stuff we use ISAC for now - environmental scans, materials analysis, motion detection - it's been a lifesaver.

JERRY LIU: Yeah. I mean, we're training we've got the gear and all that, but ISAC helps put us over the top. Without him we'd be in a world of hurt.

SHEPHERD

Jerry Liu

JERRY LIU: Let me tell you, that agent Faye Lau brought in with here is the real deal. Got to admit, at first I was skeptical - oh great, here's another rookie who thinks they're going to do it all themselves. Probably get roasted by Cleaners within a week, you know what I mean? Didn't happen. Kind of the opposite, really. Between you and me, you didn't see that sort of performance out of every Agent. You still don't. I'm telling you, right I'd follow that Agent into hell. Or uptown. Whichever comes first. Not sure you could tell the difference at this point.

TALON

BoO Dispatcher, Doug Sutton

DOUG SUTTON: Base? I've got good news and I've got bad news. The bad news is, I'm dying.

BoO DISPATCHER: Negative on that, Agent Sutton. We've locked on to your position and are sending a team to medevac you.

DOUG SUTTON: No time for that. I've lost too much blood. Don't get anyone else killed for me.

BoO DISPATCHER: Don't pull any of that martyr shit, Sutton. We're coming to get you.

DOUG SUTTON: No, no. Listen to me. I did it, you hear me? I found the Rikers that took out my squad and I made them pay. Recused the hostages they'd taken, too. April. April got away clean.

BoO DISPATCHER: That's some good work. But we're going to scramble a rescue detail regardless. Just hang on.

DOUG SUTTON: I told you... it's too late. I'm losing feeling in my fingers.. that's bad, right?

BoO DISPATCHER: Just hang in there, OK? Help is on the way.

DOUG SUTTON: I'm gonna just close my eyes for a minute... and save my strength...

BoO DISPATCHER: Don't do that, Agent. Stay with me. I know it hurts but you've got to stay with me. Agent? Agent Sutton? (pause) Doug? Ah, hell.

Survival Guide

Page 1

April Kelleher

April's text in red:

This book belongs to APRIL KELLEHER.

If you find it I will be on the South end of the traffic island in Times Square, every day at noon, no questions asked.

If you take it off my dead body, I hope it helps.

April's text in pencil:

[pointing to crossed out red text] in front of the Joe Strummer mural, 7th & A

Guidebook:

NEW YORK COLLAPSE

Bill's text in black pen:

To A, on her birthday!

Because you can never be too paranoid about the world coming down around your ears! But if NYC collapses, I know we won't, babe. You and me, me and you, the world begins and ends there. Read on, and you'll be all set when the zombies come! Love, much love, all the love - B

Page 3

April Kelleher

April's text in black pen:

I've read this book so many times already that I feel like I know him. Hi, Merch. I never wrote an author a fan letter before, but what the heck, this is a time for firsts, don't you think? Do you mind if I call you Merch? It's chipper and makes me feel jaunty, which is good because all around me everyone is dying. Merch, and my husband is dead and I can't go home because Manhattan is quarantined and it looks like the entire country is dying of this pandemic.

Guidebook:

NEW YORK COLLAPSE

AN URBAN CATASTROPHE SURVIVAL GUIDE

WARREN MERCHANT

April's text in black pen:

So I'll introduce myself. Hi, Merch. I already said that. I'm April-April Kelleher. My husband got me your book as a joke but now that's the joke-that I'm using it. HA-HA-HA. Loyal reader here, Merch. I think I'm going a little crazy, but I'm loyal. I would tell all my friends about your book, but some of them are dead and I can't get in touch with the rest. Did I mention the quarantine? I can look across the river at my home, but I can't get there. Seems like everyone is dying. I haven't caught it yet. Yet. Until I do, this book will come in handy. Maybe I can even use it to help people.

Spread the word a little.

Page 4

April Kelleher

Guidebook:

WARNING

This book describes catastrophe-level situations where society has broken down and individual safety is at risk. Since neither the author nor any reader of this book has ever experienced such a situation, there is no way to know whether events would unfold along the paths projected in these pages. As such, the author and publisher of this book disclaim any liability from the use or misuse of any information herein. This book theorizes possible consequences of hypothetical events and therefore we do not guarantee that the information is complete, safe, or accurate. We also urge you to obey all laws and respect all rights of others.

April's text in pencil:

MY OWN DISCLAIMER TO MYSELF: I thought this book might keep me alive. Also I wanted to hang onto it because Bill gave it to me. Then I started writing onto it because Bill gave it to me. Then I started to think, after this is all over...

...if it's ever over...

..someone should know what it was like to be here when all this was happening. So I guess this note is for someone who might find this book and read all the things I've written in it. (And all the notes I haven't put it in yet, because I'm not out of pages yet and I hope to be writing to be writing in the margins for quite some time.)

These are my experiences. I saw these things and did these things and tried to write them down as honestly as I could. I'm sure I forgot some things - I was under some stress, as you will see - but what's in this book is, as Tim O'Brien put it in *The Things They Carried*, "the hard and exact truth as it seemed." (That's one of my favorite books. I never forgot that line after I read it.)

I hope, if you ever read this book, that you are warm, and dry, and loved, and that the Dollar Bug is a distant memory. - AK

Page 5

April Kelleher

April's text in black pen:

Dear Diary: It's December 3rd and you're not a diary and I'm stuck in Manhattan with a dead husband and no phone and suddenly I'm feeling lucky that I have good shoes and a pen and a friend I can crash with tonight. I think. If I can find her. This is really bad, Diary. Getting worse. Talking about it doesn't help, but maybe writing about it will. Bill is dead. Not from the bug, someone killed him. For his work, I'm sure. I'm going to find out why.

April's text in pencil:

-Merch knows why.

Guidebook:

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April's text in pencil:

[Arrow to "FRAGILE SYSTEMS"] Are they ever...

Guidebook:

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April's text in black pen:

[“Pandemic” circled] huh

April's text in blue pen:

Because that's what happened.

Guidebook:

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April's text in black pen:

I called the homicide squad and asked about Bill. They don't have any record of an incident at SBGx, or Sequent Biotech Group - it took me a minute to remember the company's full name. I told them what had happened and I

don't think the desk officer, or whoever was on the phone, believed me.

Page 7

April Kelleher

April's text in black pen:

I asked to talk to a detective and after waiting on hold forever, I got one. Nina DiGiovanni. I explained to her that investigators had loaded a dead man from the car into the coroner's van, and two uniformed officers had been there taping off the crime scene. I watched the whole thing, I said. Didn't they make a report? She said they didn't have a report of a homicide or firearm incident at that location. I hung up. I stood there on the street staring at the scene for a while and then decided to go home, but there were signs all over the subway entrance saying NO TRAINS TO BROOKLYN. There's a quarantine. Manhattan Island is off-limits, and I can't leave until this is all over. I'm widowed and I can't go home.

I walked up to Eva's place, Grand + Wooster, and she's letting me hide out here for a couple of days. It feels safe here. One thing about a gentrified neighborhood is that rich people got out, so now it's pretty quiet. Whatever's going on, Eva thinks it's going to be okay. She doesn't want me to look into what happened to Bill. Tell the police, she says. But I tried that. What are they going to do? They're all already deployed to help CERA and the rest of the government people coming in. CERA is setting up a mobile command post over by Javits.

Guidebook:

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Speak a few Words of a Few Different Languages.... 87

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April's text in black pen:

[pointing to "PREPARING YOUR HOME"] I wish

[pointing to "DISPLACEMENT"] Don't have to live like a refugee

Guidebook:

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April's text in black pen:

[pointing to "A CASE STUDY IN COLLAPSE"] Spooky how accurate this is.

April's text in blue pen:

Not a coincidence?

April's text in red pen:

Nope. Not a coincidence.

Guidebook:

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April's text in blue pen:

["ABOUT THE AUTHOR" circled] Not as it seems.

April's text in red pen:

Warren

Page 8

April Kelleher

April's text in black pen:

12/4 More people are sick today. A LOT more. DCD consultants are all over TV + radio telling everyone all the standard stuff. Avoid crowds, don't panic, if you're sick stay home, don't go to the hospital unless you really have to. The mayor made a statement too. Nobody seems to know what this sickness is, but it moves fast. A lot of people have already died of it.

The quarantine on Manhattan is clamping down even tighter. There are National Guard barricades on all the bridges and at the mouth of tunnels. I walked to the approach of the Williamsburg Bridge, and Delancey Street was completely blocked off at Forsyth. They've got big Department of Corrections buses parked across the lanes. I saw one person got through and start running up the bike path. The National Guardsmen actually pointed guns at him but their officer told them to stand down. He said there was another barricade in the middle of the river.

I found a cop and told him what happened to Bill. He took a report but said everything was overwhelmed with the epidemic. I said, "Well, someone must be investigating murders, right?" He looked me right in the eye and said, "Not right now. If I were you I'd go home, write down everything you remember, and get back to us when this settles." I couldn't believe what I was hearing. "My husband was murdered!" I said. "Lady," he said. "I'm very sorry for your loss. Nine hundred people died of this disease just in Manhattan yesterday. Every spare uniform is guarding the hospitals to stop them from being overrun. I wish I could help you more, but that's the way it is. Now go home."

So I did. I mean. I went to Eva's. I wish I could go home. I've been up since

then thinking about Bill, trying to do what the cop said. Write down everything you remember. So here goes...

Page 9

April Kelleher

April's text in black pen:

This scribble was born out of a desire not to go insane. Even if the world has. This book was a gift. Supposed to be funny. Sure is some joke, Isn't it Bill? That's the real joke. Bill never lived to sell how bad everything was going to get. 24 hours a widow, and I'm already talking to myself. Well, writing to myself. What am I going to do when I run out of space in this book? Will I live long enough to run out of space in this book?
Thanks, Bill. You were always too good for the kind of work you did.

April's text in blue pen:

(pointing to the black-pen text "I'm already talking to myself") I'm not crazy. When the world is ending, it's okay to talk to yourself.

Guidebook:

INTRODUCTION

This book was born out of my dissatisfaction with existing survival guides. Most of them focus on singular catastrophes that occur in a matter of minutes or hours, requiring immediate or short-term responses. That kind of preparations and awareness is useful, but it doesn't address another kind of potential situation: Namely the kind of disaster that no one is prepared for, a full-on collapse - the end of the world, or at least that's how it would seem if you were in the middle of it. That would demand a different kind of preparation. One way to think about it is to ask yourself these questions: What would I do if I knew help wasn't coming in the aftermath of a catastrophic event? What would I do if I knew I had to survive on my own?

It is difficult to conceptualize a plan for this kind of disaster, because when everything is falling apart - and I mean everything, as you will see when I break down scenarios later in the book - planning breaks down too. How do you plan on not being able to plan? Consider the fact that we have a hurricane evacuation and response plans, but we don't seem to be doing anything about climate change, which will likely create more and stronger hurricanes. Why? Because one is an easily defined event with a beginning (the hurricane), middle (response and reconstruction), and end (restoration of normalcy.) The other is a long-term problem with a number of potential consequences, requiring fundamental changes in the way that we do things. Those changes are hard to make because the reasons for them aren't immediately clear. Human beings are very good at responding to immediate threats and very poor planning for long-term consequences.

Why is that an issue? Because it's a long-term problem that destroys civilizations. Even the most devastating single event is surmountable.

April's text in black pen:

12/3

[nine hash marks]

April's text in blue pen:

12/12

[eleven hash marks]

April's text in orange pen:

12/23

[one hash mark]

April's text in red pen:

12/24

[seven hash marks]

April's text in pencil:

12/31

[seven hash marks]

April's text in brown pen:

1/7

[one hash mark]

choices were: pink or brown

Page 10

April Kelleher

April's text in black pen:

I couldn't get hold of Bill and was worried about the outbreak so, I decided to go to his office and see if I could convince him to take a few days off while people got it under control [arrow to the next page]

Guidebook:

HOW CERA CLASSIFIES DISASTERS

CERA, or the Catastrophic Emergency Response Agency, classifies what we would broadly call disasters, according to four categories, in ascending order of damage.

April's text in blue pen:

Dr. at JTF station in the PO?

April's text in red pen:

IN THE CAR THAT WAS THE GUY IN THE CAR AFTER BILL WAS KILLED

Guidebook:

EMERGENCY: A local event that can be managed with local resources.

DISASTER: A local, time limited event that leaves regional and national resources sufficiently intact so that aid and response are available.

CATASTROPHE: A large-scale event with complex, far-reaching

consequences that persists over the long term. Societal infrastructure is damaged or destroyed.

April's text in pencil:

Like a lot of others things I wrote right after the Dollar Bug hit, I look back at this end and think. I was flippant but, you know, also right. What we're really pinning for is a time when a bad stuff happened and then was over. This is different, This is different. This is a new world, and not a world anyone wanted. Except the person who did it... and that's one of the things I want to ask Merch about.

April's text in blue pen:

[pointing to 'This is a new world' in pencil] pinning for Sandy

Page 12

April Kelleher

April's text in black pen:

It was over very quickly. The first car drove past me and I could see two men in the backseat. One of them was bloody. The other looked right at me in the eye as they passed. He'd been coming out of the building with Bill. I ran the rest of the way to the building and there was Bill. Dead. Lying on his side against a bike rack. There were two wounds in his chest, about six inches apart. I started screaming his name and looking around for a police officer. The car at the curb was pocked with bullet holes and there was a dead man lying half in half out of the driver's seat. The men who has come out of the building threw him out onto the sidewalk and dragged Bill's body into the car while the other pointed a gun at me. They were wearing black... fatigues, that's the word. Military-style clothes. The men who showed up in the cars at first, they wore suits.

April's text in red pen:

(underlined and pointing to "the eye as they passed. He'd been" in black-pen text) DR.

Guidebook:

Take Pompeii for example. The entire city was destroyed and its citizens killed in 79CE by an eruption of Mount Vesuvius, but if you fast-forward a few hundred years, people had already rebuilt new settlements on top of the volcanic mud and ash. By the time the ruins of Pompeii were rediscovered, an entire city existed on top of it Conversely, the Anasazi who lived in the Four Corners of the American Southwest didn't disappear because of an earthquake or a war; their civilization collapsed because of long-term drought

and population pressure. The same causes probably contributed to the collapse of the Classic Mayan culture. The story is the same all over the world. Single shocks don't destroy sophisticated cities and cultures; long-term disruptions do.

That's because the systems that keep sophisticated cultures working-trade, agriculture, government - are robust enough to respond to single events. But long-term events place pressure on all those systems, and because the systems are interconnected and interdependent, that collective pressure eventually causes them to fail.

April's text in pencil:

(pointing to "government") So much for that. President's dead, or that's the rumor.

Guidebook:

And long-term regional disasters make it difficult for help to reach affected areas. A hurricane comes and goes in a few days, hitting a defined area. A bomb goes off and devastates a circumscribed area. Then the event is over and those outside can help. But nobody could help Chernobyl or Fukushima, or Mesa Verde, or Easter Island...

Another problem with this kinds of catastrophic events is that, by the time you know it's a disaster, it's already happened. There's no way to prepare for something when the resources you would use to prepare are already destroyed or compromised or out of reach. You have to be ready before the worst happens, and ready in a different way. You can board up your windows if you know a hurricane is coming, but what

April's text in orange pen:

(pointing to "or Mesa Verde, or Easter Island...")or us. CERA pulled out yesterday. JTF is fighting armed gangs, there are other Army units now... none of it helps. Everyone is sick.

April's text in red pen:

Me too now. The doctors can't help, nobody can help

Page 13

April Kelleher

April's text in black pen:

That's what I'll tell the police. Something happened there. It wasn't a robbery. It was more like a military operation. Bill, what were you working on? Why did someone think it was worth killing over?

Guidebook:

do you do to prepare for radioactive contamination that will already have happened by the time you get the first warning? (Hint: It involves a lot of duct tape.) What do you do to prepare for a slow-motion, permanent catastrophe that won't look like a catastrophe until it's too large for you to do anything but grapple with the new status quo?

April's text in blue pen:

(Pointing to "duct tape") O miracle!! Seriously, it can do anything.

Guidebook:

These are the kinds of questions this book answers. No civilization survives forever, but imagining the end of a civilization is typically the province of disaster novels and religion nuts. That's a mistake. None of the world's vanished cultures knew their end was coming until it was already well under way. We can make different choices; we can be attentive to signs of collapse before it's too late to save ourselves

Because this book isn't about short-term preparedness and disaster survival, it will not contain certain things. You won't find contact information for CERA, New York City government departments, your phone company or gas

utility, your insurance agent, or a place where you can buy good boots. In this kind of collapse this book prepares you for - a virus, a dirty bomb, whatever it may be - these supposedly steadfast resources and agencies will no longer even exist.

There is that question again: What would you do if you knew no one was coming to help you?

Read on and find out.

April's text in orange pen:

(pointing to "Read on and find out.") - I'M DOING IT

April's text in red pen:

12/26 JTF pushed out of Hudson Yards, down into Chelsea. Rikers Gang, some rogue military elements going after them. Rikers completely in command of everything up near Hudson Yards, spreading up into Hell's Kitchen.

The Dark Zone is completely walled off now, concrete and barbed wire. From what I hear it's like the end of the world in there. I haven't been north of 50 in a couple of weeks, since I had to sneak out on the Red Cross truck. The only thing that would get me to do it is if I found Merch. It's be just my luck if he's hiding out in Harlem.

April's text in pencil:

Not Harlem. DZ. Is it worth it? Maybe I should just forget the whole thing. T+31 and I'm still alive, starting to figure out how this Brave New Dumpster Fire of a World works... but I still don't know what happened to Bill. Merch does. That settles it.

Looking back, not so funny... not when you've seen people murdered by duct tape, and then realized you've gotten so cold that you look at the bodies and wonder how anyone could waste duct tape that way when there are so

many other ways to kill someone WHAT IS HAPPENING TO US?

Page 15

April Kelleher

April's text in black pen:

12/5 I can't stop thinking about Bill. That's natural right? Even when people are dying by the thousands? He was mine, he was my only family and the only person who really knew me in the whole world and he's gone. Someone murdered him. If it was just a street crime, I could understand that. But a squad of hit men came after his lab, They killed him on the street while other people were trying to rescue him. Who are they? Why are they leaving me alone? They owe me some kind of explanation. Who was the other man in the car? He wasn't one of the ones with guns. He looked terrified, and when he saw me I think - am I making this up? - I think he recognized me. No, I'm not making it up. He looked right at me. You can tell when someone recognizes you. Who is he? One of Bill's colleagues at the lab? His boss? WHO??

April's text in red pen:

(pointing to "He wasn't one of those with guns.") YES THE DR.

Guidebook:

INTERCONNECTEDNESS

Megacities rely on all of their systems functioning simultaneously. This interconnectedness, along with a lack of redundancy in most critical networks like this, makes the entire matrix of systems supporting the city extremely vulnerable. If there is no power, subways don't run, tunnels flood, cell phones don't work, food spoils, hospitals operate with 19th-century technology...

This is true not just of New York but more generally of civilization as we know it. We are all completely dependent on the flow of electrons through

many thousands of miles of transmission wires. And that flow is in turn dependent on a number of other systems.

April's text in blue pen:

Some goods still getting in, but I don't know how. Constant fighting between small groups along rivers - to control smuggling routes?

Guidebook:

DEPENDENCY ON OUTSIDE SUPPLIES

There are no farms on Manhattan, and the city's grocery stores have, on average, only three days' worth of goods. Hospitals maintain low inventories of lifesaving blood and oxygen. The island's water supply comes from reservoirs located dozens of miles away and treated at dozens of stations along the way to your faucet. New York City's electricity needs exceed the generating capacity of local power plants, which are powered primarily by natural gas and would go dark as soon as those supplies failed or were cut off.

April's text in blue pen:

(pointing to "low inventories of lifesaving blood and oxygen") GONE.

Guidebook:

MOBILE AND VARIABLE POPULATIONS

During the day, Manhattan's population approaches 3.1 million, nearly double its resident population of 1.6 million. Those extra 1.5 million people will have no place to go if transportation networks are disabled, and they will quickly overwhelm systems designed for only the residential population. In a smaller town, everyone lives close to where they work; there's a much

Page 18

April Kelleher

April's text in black pen:

12/6 When you talk to older people in the neighborhood, especially the ones who grew up outside the US, they say the Bug looks a lot like smallpox. Nobody believes them because there hasn't been smallpox since 1970s. Things are starting to shut down all over the city. Grand Central and the old Post Office are DCD/CERA bases now. They have their main center at Hudson Yards, and they're sheltering some people in Javits. No way I'd go in that place with 20,000 desperate sick scared people. I'm going to hunt down some staples today and hit stores looking for things people might have missed. There's an air of panic in the streets and even though I don't think there's been lot's of looting yet, there has been a lot of panic buying. I don't think there's a D battery to be had anywhere on Manhattan Island, I wonder if I can actually find a hand-crank flashlight and radio. I'm going to find out.

April's text in pencil:

(pointing to "radio") Looking back on it, I think Drew's radio literally saved my life.

Guidebook:

CASE STUDY: YOUR MORNING COFFEE Let's take your morning cup of coffee. What do you need to make a cup of coffee? Beans, water, a means to apply heat, and a vessel to contain the brew. If you're like most New Yorkers, that heat comes from your coffeepot, which also that vessel. So let's break it down.

Coffee does not grow in New York, or anywhere within approximately 3,000

miles of New York. So your cup of coffee is dependent first and foremost on TRANSPORTATION NETWORKS. If you buy beans at your local coffee shop or grocery store, they probably came out of 100-pound bags that arrived at a CONTAINER PORT via ship from one of the equatorial coffee-growing zones. From there, the coffee was loaded onto TRUCK that entered either over a BRIDGE or through a TUNNEL into Manhattan, where the coffee was delivered to its final destination. Along the way, the beans might have been separated into smaller 12- or 16- ounce bags for retail sale. That would take place in a warehouse, probably somewhere in Queens or New Jersey. If you buy your coffee from a larger commercial provider, bagging (or grinding and canning) likely took place at larger factory before shipping. Either way, a lot has already happened to your beans before they get to your kitchen counter.

Once you have the coffee, you also need water. New York City's WATER SUPPLY comes to Manhattan via two large pipes, imaginatively known as Water Pipe Number 1 and Water Pipe Number 2. From there it moves through a series of smaller mains and local pipes to your faucet. Because the city's RESERVOIRS are in the Catskills, as much as 125 miles away and 300 feet above sea level, gravity provides enough water pressure to deliver water up to approximately six stories on the island of Manhattan. So if you live on the sixth floor or above,

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April Kelleher

April's text in pencil:

In a few places I've seen solar panels rigged up and spliced into building electrical supplies. Do they have hot water?? What could I trade for a shower?

Guidebook:

your water is electrically pumped up to your floor. Along the way, that water is treated with fluoride and other additives to remove potentially harmful microbes and change its acidity to prevent it from picking up lead and copper from old pipes.

April's text in pencil:

(pointing to "fluoride") Reminds me: I need a toothbrush

Guidebook:

Now you have coffee and water. Your coffeemaker was probably made in China, and almost certainly not in the United States. So, like the beans, it required a combination of ship, rail and truck to get it to the store where you purchased it. Once you had it out of the box, the first thing you did was plug it in. This brings us to ELECTRICITY.

Approximately 95% of New York City's power is generated outside the city, from a combination of hydropower, oil - and natural gas-fired turbine plants, nuclear, and a smattering of solar and wind. That power is transmitted at high voltage to transformers in various locations throughout the city, where the

voltage is stepped down to a level your outlets and wiring can handle. Electricity also powers the filtration and treatment plants that ensure the city's water supply is safe.

After you make your coffee, you throw away the grounds or put them down your garbage disposal. If you throw them away, that trash eventually makes its way to the curb, where a truck picks it up and takes it to either a barge or a rail yard. There, your coffee grounds and millions of tons of other trash make the long pilgrimage to out-of-state landfills or incinerators.

TO SUMMARIZE: Your morning coffee depends on the continued function of transportation, power, water, and waste systems, spanning not just New York City but all of planet Earth. You, like just about everyone else, take those systems for granted. But consider: What would happen if they broke down?

April's text in blue pen:

12/24 I don't have to consider. It's been a week since I had a cup of coffee. If they ever lift the quarantine I'm going to fly straight to Costa Rica and never leave.

12/8 A cup of instant this afternoon. Terrible stuff but also wonderful. I almost felt civilized for a minute. Now I'm dreaming of a hot shower again. Drew and Miko's place has spoiled me.

April's text in black pen:

Power's already out in lots of places. Still on at Eva's we don't expect it to stay that way. There was vaccine for about 12 hours yesterday. They told us to stay home and teams would go door-to-door until it ran out. Radio says a lot of people didn't want to wait and there was a big riot over near Hudson Yards where the main CERA distribution point is. TV stations are off the air and internet's down, nobody's got cell service, so it's hard to know what is really going on. Eva + I are staying out in case CERA comes by. I don't want to go anywhere anyway - except I would like to find a cop and see if they have a report on Bill. Is anyone going to do anything???

Page 45

April Kelleher

April's text in blue pen:

The way it looks to me is the only way to mitigate risk is to not leave your house. And I don't have a house. Social distancing didn't really work out because I had take care of Eva. I got away with it, or at least I think I did. What's the incubation period? Am I still going to get sick? How do you ever know? How do you ever stop WORRYING?

Guidebook:

PREVENT

You can't prevent everything, but you can certainly prevent one thing: being caught unprepared. That may sound a little circular, but the vast majority of people who die in the first weeks and months following a catastrophic failure of city systems - a TEOTWAWKI situation - should have "I wasn't ready" carved on their tombstones. (Except most of them won't get tombstones.)

April's text in black pen:

(pointing to "I wasn't ready") What's the old joke? "I told you I was sick..."

Guidebook:

Be prepared. As my Dutch ancestors said, "Een gewaarschuwd mens telt voor twee." ("A single warned man counts as two:) By being prepared, you prevent vulnerability to the initial chaos of a collapse, and you may well prevent your own death and the deaths of the people you care about.

In a more nuts-and-bolts sense, if you have water, you prevent thirst. If you

have food, you prevent hunger. If you have a space blanket and a place to stay, you prevent freezing to death. If you have hydrogen peroxide, you prevent fatal infections. Get the idea?

MITIGATE

If you can't prevent something from happening, you can at least mitigate the risk of responding to it. For example, a standard response to a pandemic is called "social distancing". That simply means keeping people apart as much as possible to minimize contagion. It's a mitigation strategy.

April's text in black pen:

That's why CERA told us to wait for vaccine teams - who never came

Guidebook:

Your own mitigation strategies should take the form of risk analysis, a kind of cost-benefit thinking applied to activities that might be dangerous. Should you break into an apartment and look for rice? Should you go to a government food-drop site

April's text in red pen:

I looted dead bodies. That's where we are, Merch. Are you still out there watching this all happen? Or did the Bug get you? There's something about this backpack. Oh my God I saw it -

April's text in pencil:

i have yet to meet a single person in this city who has had a vaccine. Even the JTF personnel say they didn't get it. Maybe they were told to say that (like you mentioned somewhere else, Merch), but I don't think much if any vaccine ever got here. Who got it? Was there any??

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April Kelleher

Guidebook:

even though hundreds or thousands of other desperate people will be there?
Should you trust people you meet?

April's text in red pen:

NO NO NO

April's text in blue pen:

(pointing to “Should you trust people you meet?”) NO. Not after what I saw today. Hungry people shot down in the street just for being hungry. This isn't... I mean, is this still America???

Guidebook:

By thinking these choices through carefully, you mitigate risk.

You also mitigate risk through planning. A well-appointed go-bag mitigates a number of risks-the risk of scavenging, the risk of dying from lack of first aid. As with prevention, mitigation starts with planning.

April's text in blue pen:

Have to trust someone. Can't do this alone.

Guidebook:

AVOID

You can't avoid everything in a TEOTWAWKI environment. But you can avoid some things. For example, if a dirty bomb goes off, you can avoid the radiation by going upwind of the explosion. In a hurricane, you can avoid flooding by going upstairs.

In a long-term sense, you avoid potentially dangerous situations by seeing them ahead of time, learning to recognize them for what they are, and acting promptly. If there is a pandemic, don't wait for social-distancing measures or quarantines; avoid large groups of people. If there is a war or civil unrest, avoid it.

These measures are intertwined, to be sure. But if you keep them in mind - Prevent, Mitigate, Avoid - you will train yourself to think in terms of self-reliance and survival.

April's text in red pen:

Not JTF, not Army, not National Guard. Gear different. Is this "The Division." Merch? What were you trying to tell me?

April's text in pencil:

Asked Doctor about this. He warned me to talk about something else. Looked around at the walls like he was warning me people were listening.

April's text in pencil:

(pointing to "warning me that people were listening") WM IN THE DIVISION???

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April Kelleher

April's text in black pen:

I have nothing. This book, a pen to write in, and whatever was in my purse when I left to go see Bill yesterday. Not good preparation... but I didn't know I had to prepare. That's what this book was written for, though, wasn't it? I better start getting things figured out - and soon.

April's text in blue pen:

Feel differently about this now. Am I starting to learn how to do this? Live in a world that's falling apart? Maybe that's a skill you can acquire. I know where I'm going to sleep tonight thanks to Drew and Miko, but if something happened? I think I could handle it.

Guidebook:

THE 72-HOUR RULE

A fundamental principle of preparedness is the 72-Hour Rule. This is exactly what its name suggests: You should always have ready everything you would need to survive for three days. This is an outgrowth of the old survival axiom known as the Rule of Three. In an extreme survival situation, you can survive:

Three minutes without air
Three hours without shelter
Three days without water
Three weeks without food

April's text in red pen:

I've seen people strangled. Frozen to death. Starved. Don't think I've seen anyone who died of thirst, but death. It's everywhere. Bodies everywhere. Rats everywhere too. They've got a buffet and it doesn't look like the Bug affects them.

Guidebook:

Once you see that rule laid out, you'll realize that the only things you absolutely need to survive for three days are water and warmth (assuming you're in a place with breathable air). The human body can easily survive three days without food, but three days without water can be fatal. Prolonged dehydration causes loss of electrolytes, changes in blood plasma levels, muscle cramps, problems with kidney and intestinal function... The list of symptoms is long, and you want to avoid all of them, even though a healthy adult can probably survive three days of thirst.

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April Kelleher

Guidebook:

So the number one corollary of the 72-Hour Rule is this: Make sure you have, or access to, water. A gallon a day is a good supply, though you can get by with much less for short periods of time.

April's text in blue pen:

Haven't had a problem with this yet

Guidebook:

Food, though not as crucial as water, is also critical. You can survive three hungry days, but by the end, you'll be weak and shaky and easily distracted - not ideal in an emergency. So you need to make sure you can always get our hands on three days' worth of nutrition. This can be something as simple as GORP

April's text in blue pen:

28 - 9

19 - B

39 - M

Ho - Ch

Guidebook:

ONE THING YOU PROBABLY DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT

April's text in black pen:

(pointing to "ONE THING YOU PROBABLY DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT") Oh good

April's text in pencil:

... until the Cleaners start guarding water towers

Guidebook:

With everything else falling apart, you'll be happy to know that you shouldn't have a problem finding water. As outlined in the "Fragile Systems" section, most of the city is supplied by gravity, with chemical treatments injected into the water at several points along its journey from reservoir to faucet. This water will keep coming even after the electrical grid collapses, although it will no longer be purified. (See "Purify Water," page 74.)

In a developing catastrophic situation, there may be more water than you want. As regulator valves fail over time, your building may end up flooded by high-pressure water that your residential fixtures cannot contain. My suggestion is that your go-bag doesn't need to contain three gallons of water - after all, water weighs five pounds a gallon - but you do need to know where you can find it.

April's text in red pen:

The first time I read this I thought it was a little melodramatic. The second time I read it was on a day where I'd missed a meal for the first time in my life. Today I read it again right after I heard that people are actually starving. What do you know, Merch?

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April Kelleher

April's text in black pen:

Empty highways. Empty bridges. It's really hard to get used to that. If you're a native New Yorker, or lived here for a while, it's very strange to not hear horns all the time, or walk down the street and not feel the rumble of the subway under your feet.

April's text in pencil:

Cleaners burning everything, rooting people out. Headed downtown again. Chinatown is still... I was about to write "safe." but I don't know what that word means anymore.

Guidebook:

(for those of you who were never backpackers, that stands for Good Old Raisins and Peanuts) or as fancy as energy and protein bars. Consider your dietary needs. In an emergent crisis, food supplies will be quickly (though unsystematically) looted. You should stockpile items that aren't perishable and that pack a lot of nutritional oomph. See "Preparing Your Home," page 91, and "Knowing Where to Find Things," page 57, for more details.

Now that we've addressed water and food, the third fundamental need is SHELTER. (Traditionally, shelter comes before water and DAMN THIS TRAFFIC JAM) Close to two million vehicles cross into and out of Manhattan from the Bronx, Brooklyn and New Jersey every single day. Each major road into Manhattan operates at well over its design capacity, meaning that it doesn't take long for traffic on, say, the Belt Parkway to have ripple effects all the way up the Brooklyn-Queen Expressway to the Midtown

Tunnel.

The congestion of New York City's roads has effects beyond individual frustration. Picking up on our coffee example from earlier, consider a luxury. Imagine a seafood truck making a run from JFK with a load of live lobsters fresh off the plane from Maine. If that truck get hung up on traffic, the seafood market closes, local restaurants don't have their Maine lobster specials, the lobsters die and must be thrown away... and everyone loses. But as I said, that's a luxury. Nobody needs lobster. Now imagine the same situation if that truck is carrying rice or milk or flour - and if there isn't just a traffic jam, but a full shutdown of all routes into Manhattan. Grocery shelves empty out and restaurants shut down. Where do you get food? Even the single day of bridge and tunnel shutdowns after September 11 caused temporary shortages in parts of Manhattan. A prolonged quarantine would very quickly put unsustainable pressure on food supplies in the city.

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April Kelleher

Guidebook:

Food in the hierarchy of survival needs, but, since we're talking about an urban situation, I've assumed that most people will easily be able to shelter themselves. Manhattan has thousands of empty hotel rooms and miles of subway stations. If you need to get out of the elements, you'll probably be able to.)

But what if you find yourself with no place to go because of a fire or the threat of violence or any of a hundred other complications in a collapse situation? Where will you go? How will you deal with the elements? Assume the worst. Assume it will be cold and wet. What will you do for 72 hours in the middle of winter?

Make sure you can always grab winter clothing with an outer layer that repels water. Boots are essential, as are gloves, hat and scarf. You will find in an emergency situation that you quickly become focused on the fundamentals of life: hunger, thirst and warmth. Plan in advance to address those needs.

Recently, there's been talk that the government is going to change its preparedness recommendation from 72 hours to 96, which says to me that somewhere a bureaucrat got restless. The number of hours isn't the point. The point is to be prepared and know what you would do in the initial phase of an emergency. And since this book is concerned with open ended disasters, where nothing will be restored in 72 hours - or 96, or perhaps 9,600 - I present the 72-Hour Rule to you only as a way to focus your thinking on the absolute essentials of how you should prepare.

Now: How do you put that thinking into action? That's where the go-bag comes in.

April's text in black pen:

What am I going to do if I can't stay at Eva's anymore? My phone doesn't work. I don't know where any of my friends are, and they mostly lived in Brooklyn anyway. I can sneak into a hotel room, I guess, but I'm afraid someone will see me. There are aimless people all over, wandering and picking things up. People are being robbed and mugged everywhere. I'm trying to stay inconspicuous. I spent the whole morning today trying to buy medicine and any food that might have good vitamins or antibiotic properties. There's nothing, and what there is has gotten so expensive... is it time to just dump my money? That seems like giving up somehow. I mean, if you can't believe in the good old American dollar, what can you believe in?

April's text in blue pen:

At first I didn't take the boot thing seriously, but after 10 days walking, I ducked into a store and came out with a good pair of hiking boots. You were right again, Merch. You were so right, as a matter of fact, that when I can't sleep I get myself half-convinced that you're behind this whole thing, What a joke on all of us that would be.

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April Kelleher

Guidebook:

THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT'S RECOMMENDED "DISASTER SUPPLY KIT"

Water - one gallon of water per person per day for at least three days, for drinking and sanitation

Food - at least a three-day supply of nonperishable food

Battery-powered or hand-crank radio and a National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration (NOAA) Weather Radio with tone alert and extra batteries for both

Flashlight and extra batteries

First-aid kit

Whistle to signal for help

April's text in blue pen:

HA! From who? Whom

Guidebook:

Dust mask to help filter contaminated air and plastic sheeting and duct tape to shelter-in-place

April's text in pencil:

Never worried about this until the Cleaners came along

Moist towelettes, garbage bags, and plastic ties for personal sanitation

Wrench or pliers to turn off utilities
Manual can opener for food
Local maps
Cell phone with charger, inverter, or solar charger
Medications
Important papers
Cash - as much as you can comfortably afford to keep aside

April's text in black pen:

No tampons?? You can tell a man wrote this

Guidebook:

THINGS ON THAT LIST THAT ARE A WASTE OF TIME IN A LONG-TERM SITUATION

Batteries - If the batteries are going to die eventually anyway, why not use hand-crank models instead?

Phone - It's going to die, and cell phone towers won't work as soon as the power goes out.

Moist towelettes - This is a luxury item.

April's text in pencil:

(pointing to "Phone") I carried mine until 2 days ago. Left it behind @ Drew + Miko's. Sentimental Attachment.

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April Kelleher

Guidebook:

Important papers - They're only important if normalcy is going to be restored quickly. In the situations we're discussing, that's not going to happen.

April's text in black pen:

Outside a deli that's somehow still open: "BARTER ONLY! YOUR MONEY'S NO GOOD HERE"

Guidebook:

THINGS THEY DON'T INCLUDE THAT MIGHT KEEP YOU ALIVE LONGER

Needle and thread - The tough kind that you can use to punch through leather, canvas... or skin.

Superglue - Useful for sticking things together, of course, and one of those things is skin. If you have a cut that would otherwise require stitches, quite often you can glue it together.

Multitool with pliers - The good ones have a small knife, screwdrivers, scissors, a file, and a hacksaw blade.

Knife with a heavy blade - You'll need to cut something significant eventually, and your 2.5-inch multitool blade won't be up to it.

Magnifying glass - Primarily as a backup means to start a fire, although it also can be useful in first aid

Dental floss - It really deserves its own entry. See "Improvising Solutions" for more details.

Monofilament fishing line - In addition to catching fish, you can use this to

hang a tarp, stitch a wound, etc.

Pry bar - Essentially, a pry bar multiplies your strength. In an ongoing catastrophe, you'll need to break a lock off a door or pull up nails at some point.

Candles - Alternate source of light and dryer of wet clothing.

Matches and lighters - You can never possess too many ways to start a fire.

Space blanket - It folds up into a package the size of a handkerchief but can keep you alive on a cold night.

Binoculars - In a collapse environment, you're going to want to scout an unfamiliar location before you approach it.

April's text in blue pen:

(pointing to "Space blanket") Where do you find a space blanket? I don't think there's a NASA store in Times Square

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April Kelleher

April's text in black pen:

(pointing to sketch of shattered smartphone) Common sight on sidewalks

Guidebook:

KNOWING WHERE TO FIND THINGS

IMPROVISING WHEN PREPARATION ISN'T ENOUGH

Here's another military saying: No plan survives contact with the enemy. Let's say you do everything right. You have a go-bag that you have prepared in every possible way for a devastating and prolonged catastrophic collapse... and then you can't get to it. Your apartment building burns down. Someone steals your go-bag. You're on the wrong side of quarantine. What do you do then?

You improvise. You figure out where to find all the necessities you need for sustaining life and at least a bare minimum of comfort.

The most useful location for necessary supplies is your local HARDWARE STORE. If you live close to a large chain store, that's an advantage. If not, you'll need to get to your local store before it's completely looted.

April's text in black pen:

(pointing to "before it's completely looted") They already were. Tried 3 different ones. Ran into a group of children inside the third store. They grouped together like I was going to hurt them. Where - I started to write

“where are your parents” but that’s a stupid question. I gave them the food I had, just energy bars and a jar of peanuts. Then I told the next cop I saw about them. He said tell CERA, so I did. Someone else will have to help them. I can barely help myself.

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April Kelleher

April's text in red pen:

We're descending towards savagery. I think the good in people is still going to come through even when they're desperate. The thieves and gangs and killers are out there, but that's not everyone. That's not even most people. Maybe it's just because Christmas is coming, but I'm feeling okay about the future of the human race. We're going to figure it out. You see people coming together in small groups, pooling resources, caring for each other. The world isn't ending. This is a setback. It's horrible and whoever did ought to be... I don't know. Would killing him or them solve anything? Of course not. I would like to know why. More than revenge, I want answers. This book is making me want those answers even more. That was the point, wasn't it Merch? You wanted someone to start looking. That's me, I guess. I hope I'm not the only one. I can't be the only one.

Guidebook:

You can find some of these at PHARMACIES. While stores like that will be ransacked and looted almost immediately for comfort items and drugs, your average looter - at least in the early stages of a collapse, before its true magnitude becomes apparent - will pass useful things by. In addition to the above, you might also find:

Fingernail clippers

Tweezers

Bobby pins

Shoelaces

Glue

Tape

Candles
Vitamins
Sanitary napkins

If you need medication to keep yourself alive, I hate to say, but a post-collapse environment is going to be very tough sledding for you. If at all possible, get away from catastrophic situations before they reach a tipping point into a long-term collapse. If you are unable to get away, at least get yourself to a pharmacy and do whatever is necessary to lay in a supply of your critical medications. If you don't do this in the early phases of a cascading failure event, you might not be able to find what you need. If you do manage to get medication, go immediately to the authorities and plead your medical case. Do this before things spiral out of control or you're going to find yourself in a very tricky predicament.

April's text in black pen:

(pointing to "If you need medication to keep yourself alive...") I can't even imagine. Good health is either a blessing or a stroke of good fortune. Either way, I'm glad I have it.